McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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NORWICH LUMBER COMPANY BUYS OUT GOODYEARS

Big Potato Creek Tract, Mills and Other Interests Sold.

$3,650,000 IS THE PURCHASE PRICE

$2,000,000 Cash and $1,650,000 Mortgage Entered Against New Company—Includes Lands in McKean, Elk, Cameron, Potter and Clearfield Counties—Conveyance Made January 31, 1192.

On Wednesday, January 31, 1912, the Goodyear Lumber Company, well-known throughout Northwestern Pennsylvania, closed the sale of their vast lumber interests in this section of the state to the Norwich Lumber Company. The price paid by this new company for these vast holdings is $3,650,000. $2,000,000 of which was cash and the balance, $1650,000, in a mortgage against these properties.

This transaction, which is one of the largest ever made in this section of the state, if not the largest, includes all the Goodyear Lumber Company's lands in McKean, Elk, Cameron, Potter and Clearfield counties, together with the large mills, etc., at Norwich, as well as the mills at Austin, Medix Run and other places where the Goodyear Company has operations in the above named counties.

The deed and mortgage covering this transaction was filed in the Recorder's office of this county last Saturday and has been placed upon the records of the county. They have also been filed in two of the other above named counties and probably will be filed in all of them in due time.

As we understand this transaction the only reservations made are certain hardwood interests which are owned by the Penn Tanning Company and a certain amount of hemlock bark which has been purchased by the same company.

Thus far we have been unable to learn who are the principal stockholders of the Norwich Lumber Company. However, Wm. S. Snyder is its president and George M. Whitney its secretary.

We have been informed that the new company will not make any decided changes in the original plans of the Goodyear company and the sale will in no way effect the bright prospects of Norwich.

FOUND DEAD IN BRADFORD.

August Cicerello Found Dead at His Home Monday Evening.

Tuesday's Bardford Era says: August Cicerello, 57 years old, a native of Italy, was found dead at his home, No. 36 Centre street, last evening when the locked door of his house was broken open by the police.

Cicerello, who lived alone, had not been seen about the place since Saturday when some of the neighbors observed him entering his home. His non-appearance Sunday and Monday led to suspicions that perhaps he was dead and last evening the police were asked to investigate. This they did and the frozen corpse of Cicerello was found in the front bedroom lying face downward on the floor.

He had evidently been seated on a chair and was preparing to retire, when seized by a fatal attack of heart disease or apoplexy. He had removed one of his shoes and that was as far as he had proceeded in the act of disrobing when he plunged forward helplessly and died. This was probably on Saturday evening.

He had not started any fire in the small gas stove in the room and owing to the intense cold that has prevailed during the past few days, the body was rigidly frozen.

Coroner Sherman was notified and investigated. Not finding any evidence of foul play he decided that death had been due to natural causes.

In the same house, in the month of January, 1911, the dead man's wife committed suicide with carbolic acid.

Two sons and a daughter, all living in Bradford, survive. The sons are Louis and Nicholas Cicerello and the daughter is Mrs. Louis Capatzi.

The deceased was formerly employed as a railroad laborer. Of late he had done but little work. Some years ago he was a frugal man and saved up considerable money. He belonged to the Knights of the Maccabees and had lived here many years.

THREE PERSONS MEET DEATH.

The Ice Bridge at Niagara Falls Went Out.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Feb. 4.—Three persons, a man, a woman and a youth went to their deaths this afternoon when the ice bridge which every winter spans the lower gorge between the American falls and the upper steel arch bridge, broke from its moorings and floated down the river. Over 30 others escaped a like fate.

The youth was Burrell Hecock, of East One Hundred and Seventh street, Cleveland, Ohio. The couple was Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Stanton, of 347 Huron street, Toronto, Ont., who came here to view the ice scenery Saturday afternoon.

Hecock lost his life in a futile attempt to assist the man in an effort to save his wife. He might have followed his chum, Ignatius Roth, also of Cleveland, to safety before the bridge disintegrated, but he was then assisting the man with the woman and before he realized it, the bridge had broken into pieces and Hecock found himself on a small floe of ice, floating down the river.

The bridge moved out at a minute past 12 o'clock, noon. Throughout the morning there had been a heavy flod of ice over both the Horseshoe and American falls. This piled up against the structure which had stood cemented to the Canadian and American shores. For two weeks a large floe had been seen drifting about in the basin between the American and Canadian falls. Gradually it picked up other floes until it was a good sized heap of ice. Then it drifted to the Canadian side of the river and floated down toward the bridge, which it struck with great force.

Several unsuccessful attempts were made to rescue the man and woman and young Hecock. Twice before the piece of ice on which the couple were marooned reached "Swift drift," at the head of the Whirlpool Rapids, ropes breached him, but they were too short and before the man could fasten the rope around the waist of the woman the ice floated beyond the reach of the rope and he was compelled to let it go.

Again as the floe passed under the Cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central railroad, a rope was thrown to him by one of the repair men but it slipped from his grasp. At this time the current was carrying the ice at a rate of at least 20 miles an hour.

With the passing of the rope the last possibility of rescue had passed.

The pair realized this and the man removed his overcoat. The couple clasped each other in their arms and sank to their knees, while hundreds looked on from either side of the river and the bridge and saw them swept to their death.

The floe with the couple kneeling, apparently in prayer, floated over several of the larger waves of the rapids and then another floe struck it and the couple passed from view and were not seen again.

Young Hecock preceded them by several minutes. He too, succeeded in grasping the rope dangling from the Cantilever bridge and held on for a few seconds while the men at the other end pulled away with almost a superhuman effort. When they had lifted the lad some 30 feet he let go and fell to a floe of ice with a thud that could be heard to the bridge. He struck face downward and was swept away to his death.

THE HOWE NUT LOCK.

Promising Future for an Ingenius Article.

The Miner is in possession of one of the Howe Nut Locks, the invention of George Howe, of East Smethport, which certainly has demonstrated itself to be all that the inventor claims for it.

For many years it has been a problem among manufacturers to find a nut that would not become loosened from the jar of heavy machinery. In the case of the Howe Nut Lock the principal of a nut is maintained with an extra contrivance that effects a complete lock which it is impossible to break. Thus after the nut has been to the full extent of the ones in general use, a double attachment makes it possible to tighten the nut so as to form a clamp or lock which nothing but a wrench will break enough to permit the nut proper to be released. Other inventors have tackled this problem but have never recorded a success. Mr. Howe has demonstrated his article to several large concerns and they have all been enthusiastic over its possibilities. It is of simple construction and is easily manufactured, being destined to fill a long-felt want among manufacturers—especially those of automobiles and aeroplanes.

Mr. Howe intends to start the manufacture of this contrivance on an extensive scale. He has disposed of the distributing rights to V. B. Bouton, Esq., and J. Garrison, of this place, and these gentlemen are planning an agressive campaign to popularize the article.

ANDREWS GETS NEW TRIAL.

Famous Warren County Murder Case to be Tried Again.

John M. Andrews, convicted of the murder of Emil Amann in the Warren county courts, was granted a new trial by the Superior court on Monday.

John M. Andrews, one of the best known citizens in Warren, was found guilty of the murder of Emil Amann, whom it is claimed, he inveigled to a dark spot near the city reservoir, and killed him with a revolver shot. Amann and Andrews had been fellow employees of the Warren water company, and, it is said, certain deals that Andrews put through cost him his job and that he was threatened with prosecution. Amann is said to have known more than Andrews thought safe and this is the motive given for the murder. Andrews has always protested that he was innocent and throughout his incarceration has always been cool and apparently hopeful that he would never be hanged for Amann's death.

The decision in this case is lengthy and Judge Stewart throughout brings forward both the failure of the court to provide adequate instructions and the fact that the circumstantial evidence was not treated by Judge Hinckley in the manner in which it should have been. Several decisions by Chief Justice Shaw were quoted, particularly those referring to the proving of an alibi and circumstantial evidence. The next move of Andrews' lawyers will be to ask for a change of venue, as they are of the opinion that prejudice against him precludes the possibility of a fair trial.

WAS HE A GIRL?

A Mystery Surrounding Former Bradford Bell Boy. (?)

Friday's Bradford Era says: There was considerable discussion in the city yesterday over the report that Harry Moore, who had been engaged as a bell boy at the Hotel Holley, might possibly be Miss Hattie Moore, in disguise. Several days ago the youth was discharged and left town. His young friends here were many and since his departure, letters have been received from him. These missives have contained the information that in the future, in answering letters, it would be necessary to address the communications to "Miss Hattie Moore." The writer of the explanatory letters is apparently a brother of the "bellboy" and they came from Curwinsville, Pa. It is known that Moore has a brother in that city. One of the letters says that "Harry" is the writer's sister.

While employed at the hotel Moore occupied a room in the B. & S. building on lower Main street. He was neat, prompt and courteous in his manner of serving hotel patrons. Moore associated with the young men of "his" own age and young ladies and was quite popular. Sometime previous to his dismissal Moore developed the cigarette habit and did not keep good hours. These facts led to his release.

"He" came to Bradford from Clinton county where he was engaged by a man to do chores. He was then playing the part of a boy.

There was some suspicion aroused during the time he was in Bradford, when it was discovered on one occasion that he was trying to bleach his hair.

Last evening a number of the younger people of the city who had associated with the alleged girl were doing a lot of explaining.

$10.00 REWARD.

I hereby offer a reward of $10.00 for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties that stole my gum machine from in front of my drug store.

DR. BURG CHADWICK.

Advertise in The Miner.

FRED BACKUS BARELY ESCAPES SUFFOCATION

Fire In Mrs. Backus' Home in Olean Last Friday Night.

HER MILLINERY STORE DESTROYED

Fire Started While Mrs. Backus Was Out and Mr. Backus Was Asleep—Damage About $1800—Partially Covered By Insurance.

Fred W. Backus, one of Smethport's young attorneys, had a narrow escape from metting death by suffocation last Friday at the rooms of his wife, Mrs. Carrie Backus, on State street, Olean, in a fire which destroyed a greater part of Mrs. Backus' millinery stock and badly damaged her living apartments in the rear of her store.

Mrs. Backus was out for the evening to attend a pre-nuptial shower for a young lady who was employed in the store and Mr. Backus had retired for the night. About midnight the fire was discovered and when persons entered the building to fight the flames they discovered that Mr. Backus was in bed, unconscious from inhaling smoke. He was carried out of the burning building to the home of relatives nearby and doctors spent the greater part of the night working over him before he was out of danger. However, we understand, he has now fully recovered and is expected here to-day.

The fire had quite a start when it was discovered and before it could be extinguished the greater part of Mrs. Backus' millinery stock was ruined and considerable damage done to her living apartments. The loss is estimated at about $1,800, partially covered by insurance.

The origin of the fire is unknown at present.

NEW BETHLEHEM SENSATION.

Girl Postoffice Clerk Short $6,118 in Her Accounts.

Miss Ella Lattimer, aged 23 years, a former employe of the postoffice at New Bethlehem, Pa., is said to be short $6,118 in her accounts and it is further stated that she admits having taken the money.

She assisted her father, Joseph Lattimer when he was postmaster at that place and continued in office when George L. Thomas succeeded him. For the past three years she has been carrying on a systematic scheme of reducing the stubs on money orders, and in this way applied this vast amount of money to her own use.

When an inspector appeared and started going over the accounts she assisted him and showed him just how, when and where she had taken the money. In speaking of the case the inspector said, "she is a very shrewd girl and if she had not made a slip in her November report, I doubt if they would ever have caught her."

The young lady was placed under arrest by a deputy United States marshall and gave bail in the sum of $5,000 to appear before the United States Federal Court at Pittsburgh.

CLERMONT WEDDING.

Pretty Wedding Solemnized on Tuesday of Last Week.

Tuesday, Jan. 30, 1912, at high noon, Miss Nellie Anderson of Clermont, was wedded to Mr. Emile Benzon of Rochester, N. Y. The wedding occurred at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Anderson, of that place. The house was prettily decorated with maiden-hair ferns, carnations and red roses.

At 12 o'clock sharp the marriage rites were performed in the immediate presence of the family, Rev. Gulstrom of Olean officiating. The bride was tastefully dressed in white silk and carried white carnations and roses. Immediately after the ceremony a choice dinner was served in the dining room, plates being laid for twelve, after which the wedding party were conveyed to the depot where the afternoon train hastened them away on their wedding trip. The bride is a popular young lady of Clermont while the groom is a college graduate and at present is connected with the business firm of Kanebloom & Co. of Rochester. ***

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LaFOLLETTE'S BAD BREAK.

Is Attacks Honesty of Newspaper Men at Periodical Publishers' Dinner.

Philadelphia, Feb. 3.—The dinner of the Periodical Publishers' Association did not break up until an early hour this morning, and its close was marked by a tart denunciation of Senator LaFollettee by Don C. Seitz of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, who acted as toastmaster.

Senator LaFollette began his speech near midnight and spoke for nearly two hours. The more than 600 diners were visibly wearied by the long drawn out remarks of the Wisconsin Senator, and toward the close frequently interrupted him. Much of his speech was devoted to the money power and an attack upon the sincerity of the newspaper press of the country.

When he had finished, Toastmaster Seitz said:

"I shall not attempt nor have I the time to come to the defense of the newspapers of the country, which have just been foolishly, wickedly and untruthfully assailed."

Senator LaFollette made no sign of hearing the caustic remark which was uttered in a half angry tone.

To-day in an interview, Mr. Seitz said:

"As the banquet was given by the Magazine Publishers and as I was a guest of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, president of the association, I had to be cautious in my remarks on Senator LaFollette. I don't recall exactly what I said when the Senator had finished, but I do remember declaring that he had made an unkind, unjust, and wilfully malicious attack on the newspapers of the nation and if I had more time I would have said something stronger upon the subject.

"Last night's dinner during which we thought we would 'josh' the statesmen, ended in a calamity. It was a tragedy for Senator LaFollette's hopes. He has simply wiped himself off the map.

"Undoubtedly he came to Philadelphia to make the address of his life, and when it developed into an infamous slander of the newspapers and a wallowing, sycophantic praise of the magazines, I realized that the man had over-stepped his mark.

"Previous to that time the Senator had talked for more than two hours and when he concluded I certainly rebuked him. In my mind the Senator, not knowing the realtionship between the magazines and the newspapers, came to the dinner to attack the latter and to curry favor with the magazine publishers."

The portion of Senator LaFollette's speech to which Mr. Seitz took exception was as follows:

"I have sketched the growth and power of the great interests that today control our property and our governments. I have shown how subtle and elusive, yet relentless, they are. Rising up against them is the confused voice of the people. Their heart is true, but their eyes do not yet see all the intricate sources of power. Who shall show them? There are only two agencies that in any way can reach the whole people. These are the press and the platform. But the platform in no way compares with the press in its power of continuous repeated instruction.

"One would think that in a democracy like ours, seeking for instruction, able to read and understand, the press would be their eager and willing instructors—such was the press of Horace Greeley, Henry Raymond, Charles A. Dana, Joseph Medill and Horace Rublee.

"But what do we find has occurred in the last few years since the money power has gained control of our industry and government? It controls the newspaper press. The people know this. Their confidence is weakened and destroyed. No longer, are the editorial columns of newspapers a potent force in educating public opinion.

"The newspapers, of course, are still patronized for news. But even as to news, the public is fast coming to understand that wherever news items bear in any way upon the control of government by business, the news is colored; so confidence in the newspaper as a newspaper is being undermined.

"Cultured and able men are still to be found upon the editorial staffs of all great dailies, but the public understands them to be hired men who no longer express honest judgments and sincere conviction, who write what they are told to write, and whose judgments are salaried.

"To the subserviency of the press to special interests in no small degree is due the power and influence and prosperity of the weekly and monthly magazines. A decade ago, young men, trained in journalism, came to see this control of the newspapers of the country. And they saw this unoccupied field. And they went out and built up great periodicals and magazines. They were free."

Immediately following this speech Senator LaFollette's campaign managers gave out that he had suffered a nervous breakdown and might be compelled to withdraw from the Presidential race. Be that as it may, he now has no chance of making the nomination, after making such utterly foolish and absurd charges against the newspapers of this country.

No newspaper man who is acquainted with the general conditions will attempt to deny that there are some newspapers controlled by the interests, but when anyone makes the claim that all or even a dangerous percentage is thus controlled he is making claims that are so easily disproped that he becomes ridiculous in the eyes of the general public.

Quite frequently large corporations and trusts have felt the needs of the influence of a newspaper on their side and therefore have either purchased the controlling interest in a well established newspaper or started a new one that they could control, but such instances are not frequent enough to be dangerous to the welfare of the country, nor are they any more numerous among newspapers than among magazines, and the many true newspapers should not be condemned for the shortcomings of the few, any more than should the members of the pulpit. And the interests control the teachings from the pulpit on rare occasions.

The legitimate newspaper publishers suffer more than anyone from these interests-planted newspapers, which are not unknown even in small towns, and if Senator LaFollette can find a remedy for this evil he will find every legitimate newspaper in the land ready to assist him in doing away with this evil. But the square newspaper publisher or writer does not like to be classed with these few disgraces to his profession.

CHICAGO LADIES' ORCHESTRA.

Last Number of the Fire Department Entertainment Course.

The Chicago Ladies' Orchestra, the fourth and last number on the entertainment course for the benefit of the Smethport Fire Department, will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Monday evening, February 12.

This attraction is one of the finest of the many under the management of the Antrim Entertainment Bureau. The company appeared in Smethport on last year's course, and on that occasion made such a hit, that the department secured it again for this year and the engagement should be greeted by a crowded house.

The department's course of entertainments this year have not met with the support the various attractions have merited, especially when it is considered that the proceeds are for such a worthy object as our fire department. A crowded house next Monday night will atone for this lack of support to a marked degree. The Chicago Ladies' Orchestra is composed of eight musicians of the first rank and they present an evening's entertainment that would be hard to equal. While the attraction costs the firemen more than any of the series, the price of admission remains the same as for all, 35 cents. Reserved seats are now on sale at Wells'. Secure your tickets now, and by doing so help along a worthy object and at the same time receive more than your money's worth of enjoyment.

Watned.

Teams to haul chemical wood, $5.50 per day. Inquire either at the office at East Smethport or of A. J. Drake, Telephone No. 24R, Eldred, Pa.

Smethport Chemical Co.
tf D. M. Cooper, Gen. Supt.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Secret Society a Terror to Italy

ASSASSINATED BY THE CAMORRA

THE Camorra, the dread Italian secret society, thrives and will ever thrive in Naples so long as the profoundly depressed conditions of economic and intellectual poverty subsist, but they and the world at large will never be able to understand how, in spite of the high degree of civilization of our modern times, the Camorra can easily commit daring robberies, assaults, atrocious murders and other excesses of inconceivable ferocity and still have the almost complete certainty of being left systematically unpunished, relying partly on its members' secrecy, which is the very gospel of this criminal association, partly on the weakness of public officials. For every hundred Camorrists that are caught there are other thousands who will come to the front. As happens on the morrow of a deadly battle where the etat majeur has been dispersed by the shrapnel, the cadets are promoted in masses to the higher ranks; and the Camorra's cadets, bolder than ever, are eager to excel their leaders.

Five years ago a great lady of Naples drove out to take the air in the Villa Nazionale, that strip of park by the sea. She was blithe and smiling, for royalty was to drink tea with her at five. There came riding by a big man, all gold chains and diamonds, on a young horse. He was De Marinis, boss of one of the election districts of Naples, a plumed chief of the Camorra. Was the great lady's coachman at fault? In any case, there was a collision and the mighty politician was rolled in the dirt. He got to his feet, cursing—oh, a black stream of blasphemy bubbled from his mouth! He cursed and spat into her carriage.

As much of it as could be told the great lady told the duke of Aosta. That indignant prince vowed to pull down this toppling insolence.

What the duke of Aosta did was to go straight to the king. When his majesty was heir to the throne he lived for many years in Naples. None better than he knew the power of the Camorra; none better than he knew that his ministers looked to it for a governmental majority in Naples; but he said: "Stamp them out if you can. I am with you in this fight." And king and duke planned the war on the Camorra. There was no pretense of trusting the magistracy of the police—rat-ridden, both, with Camorra corruption. The work was given to the army. Notably it was given to the military police—more notably still to Capt. Fabroni of the Carabineers, a smart young Roman officer, all brain and pluck.

And the chiefs of the Camorra took the air of the Villa Nazionale on their tall horses, they talked politics and crime in the smart Cafe Fortunio in the Galleria; they supped at Santa Lucia and took their ease. They neither knew nor cared that Fabroni, captain of the carabineers, was at work. Especially they did not know that Fabroni had loosed among them a soft-footed Roman hound—one Capezzuto. In and out of the dark holes of the Camorra this devil of a man slipped—sometimes posing as a criminal, a fugitive, a beggar, till they laid the oath of the Camorra on him and told him things best untold. But the true work he did was to find a traitor. And what a traitor!

Get a Camorra Chief.

The great chiefs of the Camorra were quite at ease. Erricone Alfano, who had been the chief since 1893, resigned that high post and contented himself with his district leadership of the Vicaria. He even made a trip to New York, where he was feted and banqueted. Fucci reigned in his stead. Then the blow fell. One night the carabineers gathered in over two score Camorristi of high and low degree, good Italians and bad, sachems and outlaws. They took Fucci, the chief, and De Marinis, whose insolence had drawn down the lightning; they took Prof. Rapi, treasurer of the Camorra and a district leader of the old school, a gambler, a bon vivant, a scholar of a sort; the great Erricone Alfano was arrested in New York. Others, too, were taken in the net—more negligible men, thieves, bad husbands, day sleepers, pickpockets, kidnapers, and rogues of the Chiaia and the Vicaria the larva of the jails and the slums. That romance might not wholly die, they netted a blithe girl of Naples, Maria Stendardo, and kept her to decorate the iron cage of Viterbo.

For five years these prisoners lay in irons. Many of them died. Meanwhile the king's carabineers, urged by the relentless duke of Aosta, made strong the case against them. Day by day the astounding Abbatemoggio, the traitor, revealed new secrets of the society.

Twenty of the prisoners were indicted for these various crimes disclosed by Abbatemaggio. One after the other they were bought up and tried in various courts. One after the other they were acquitted and sent back to jail. In only one case did the carabineers secure a conviction on the evidence furnished by the informer, and that conviction has been quashed by the court of appeals.

Five are charged with the murder of Cuocolo and his wife. The others are being tried for "criminal association"—in other words, for belonging to the Camorra. The maximum penalty for this offense by Italian law, four years' imprisonment. The accused men have already been in prison five years.

Origin of the Camorra.

Camorra comes from kamora—contestation. The word that gave its name to the formidable and long established cryptogamous plant of Neapolitan life is Castilian neologism imported into Naples through the Spanish domination.

If we think of the Iberian peninsula, that country of bristly sierras and deep valleys arranged in the shape of a saw, full of precipices and, therefore, very rich in natural hiding places—if we consider the peculiar physical features of these regions, we can easily understand how they afforded the best opportunities for the thriving of the gamuri (Spanish brigands of the sierras), baneful forerunners and ancestors of the dreaded Neapolitan Camorristi.

Not a passerby nor a vehicle escaped their watchful eye and their fierce claws, so that traveling or going from one place to another on business was impossible for any one without sharing with the ferocious watchers of the sierras either the money he had with him or the profits of the business that had taken him on his journey. It was, therefore, necessary to come to terms with the brigands; so much so that in time a regular tariff of Camorra dues was agreed upon with the laborers, and shepherds, the miners, etc., and with the mail coaches for the passage of the travelers, according to their social importance and standing.

Whenever there was a difference of opinion upon the division of something, the Camorrist intervened and pronounced his decision—so much to the one, so much to the other; the remainder, the best share, of course, belongs to the judge by "right of Camorra."

Very different from their Andalusian ancestors are their present degenerate descendants. The modern honorable society draws its income chiefly from theft, from the exploitation of women, from organized raids on gambling houses, from usury extorted from rich young men who have been purposely led astray.

TRICKS OF DEBATERS

SUBTERFUGES TO WHICH OVER EAGER CONTENDERS RESORT.

Deliberate Misquoting of Authorities Sometimes Resorted To—Penalty for Dishonesty in College Debates Is Severe.

Debating has shortcomings, even dangers. It is easy, for example, to manufacture evidence with little likelihood of detection. However, the penalty of such dishonesty when discovered is most severe, a writer in the Century states. In a debate in 1907 one of the speakers deliberately misquoted an authority. An unusually shrewd opponent walked over to the desk of his rival, picked up the book and read the statement exactly as it had been quoted. Then he continued: "Honorable judges, the gentlemen read the sentence as if it were punctuated with a period at this point. As a matter of fact the punctuation is a comma." He then read the final clause, showing the real intent of the authority, which was exactly opposite to the interpretation given by his opponent. The result was disaster for the dishonest debater.

There are still more subtle forms of dishonesty. Dozens of requests pour in from colleges and high schools upon every prominent debating team, offering to buy, rent or borrow material. A typical letter read:

"Dear Sirs: We understand that your university debated the question of commission government last spring. We shall be glad to procure a set of the speeches made and will pay any reasonable price."

Unless such dishonesty can be prevented it will soon bring deserved condemnation to an honorable sport. Reputable institutions are refusing either to sell or buy material.

A third form of dishonesty sometimes arises. Coaches too frequently are far more responsible for the argument presented than are the debaters themselves. One debating coach has made a special study of trade unions for ten years. He began in his school debates, followed it out in his college contests, and finally, taking charge of a college team, gave them three carefully prepared speeches to memorize. Thus his students received none of the value which comes of working up a case. They were parrots, nothing more. For this evil there are two possible remedies. Many colleges, among them Stanford, the University of California and Swarthmore, rightly throw the burden of preparation entirely upon the debaters, doing away with all coaching and trusting to the honor of their opponents to do likewise. Still better is reducing the time of preparation from three months to six weeks. Stanford and California pursue this method in their annual Carnot medal debates, which are models of the best debating in the country. The actual debating deteriorates under shorter preparation, but the exercise becomes far less academic and more nearly like the occasions of every day life. Teh debates under this system are contests not of voluminous research but of individual constructive thinking. Above all, this plan places the men upon their own responsibility, and as far as possible eliminates opportunities for dishonesty.

The President Laughed.

President Taft, who has difficulty in keeping his weight down to 300 pounds, often cracks a joke or gets off a witticism about his size. One afternoon, as he was leaving the White House to take a horseback ride, he met a group of newspaper correspondents, and among them was Matthew Tighe, an old friend.

After greetings had been exchanged, Mr. Taft looked down at his legs encased in leggings which emphasized the girth of the limbs. He struck his left leg a resounding blow with his riding-crop, and, turning to Tighe, asked with a smile:

"What do you think of that, Matt?"

"That," said Tighe, grinning, "would do credit to any piano ever manufactured."

And the loudest laugh about it came from the president.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Fishing at Biarritz.

In the neighborhood of Biarritz in southwestern France an original method of taking fish from the sea has been invented by the inhabitants along shore. Two poles forty or fifty feet tall and placed eight or nine yards apart are erected on the beach.

By means of pulleys a continuous line running over the tops of the poles and attached also to the top of another pole placed 500 yards out in the sea can be alternately drawn either shoreward or seaward.

Short lines with hooks and bait hang from the main line, and when they are loaded with fish the fisherman, sitting by his little cabin on shore, draws in his "take," rebaits his hooks and by pulling in the opposite direction replaces the row of baited lines in the sea. This apparatus is called a "va et vient" or "go and come."—Youth's Companion.

Realism Indeed.

Jings—How was the new play last night?

Minks—Biggest thing yet. One scene shows Broadway natural as life; wonderful thing, wonderful! Real wagons, real horses, real paving stones, real excavations, real dirt and genuine imported Italians digging it.—New York Weekly.

Turkish Women and Their Customs

TURKISH WOMEN REFUGEES ARRIVING AT NAPLES

WOMAN'S hair is long, but her wit is short," says a Turkish proverb, and the nation at large appears to acquiesce. American and British women are now studying the life of their Turkish sisters as never before. Books, missionary reports and lectures are resorted to for information.

The Turkish refugees who arrived at Naples from Tripoli were not allowed to land in their native dress for fear of disturbances. The port authorities only allowed those to disembark who substituted the veil or barracan (the usual woollen garment of Tripoli) for the skirt or trousers of Europe. Several refugees altogether refused to surrender their native garb and remained on board pending their return to Tripoli.

The Mohammedan baby girl has her one and only name—neither father nor husband will share his with her—whispered softly into her ear three times when just a few days old. That is her baptism. Later she accompanies her little brother to the primary school; later still she probably will attend a school for girls only, where she will be taught a little grammar, arithmetic, some Persian and Turkish history, and follow courses in embroidery and needlework. Rich people with modern ideas usually have an English or French governess to complete their daughter's education, but this does not apply in the case of those less well to do. Both girls and boys are taught to read the Koran and to repeat portions of it, but as it is in Arabic they do not understand what they are reading.

At fifteen a Mohammedan girl comes of age and is legally entitled to possess property of her own, which she may buy or sell, invest or give away, without consulting any one. At fifteen also she must put on the black veil, "tcharchaf," symbol of womanhood, and say goodby to her playmates, to her open air life and to her liberty. She passes through a door in the high brick wall, separating the men's quarters from those of the women, into the harem. Here she remains, mysterious, unknown, invisible, a prisoner behind latticed windows, awaiting her inevitable destiny in the form of a husband.

In the stricter Moslem families women usually are permitted to leave the seclusion of the harem and the grounds surrounding it once a week only. Every Friday, that is, the Turkish Sabbath, they may go out to shop, walk, drive, exchange visits and get as much fresh air and sunshine as they can to last them for the rest of the week. Frequent excursions are made in the spring by the women of Constantinople to the banks of the Sweet Waters of Asia, a tiny river set in meadows bordered with trees and gay with boathouses and cafes.

Live in Idleness.

Indoors the favorite occupation of these women, apparently, is to sit still and do nothing, their hands folded inertly in front of them and their little feet tucked carefully out of sight. They are very fond of cigarette smoking, chatting with their friends, drinking coffee and eating sweetmeats. Eating of any description is popular with Turkish women and that, combined with lack of exercise and absence of household duties, causes them to become fat and apathetic while they are still quite young.

Turkish brides are entitled by law to a dowry from their husbands. This is divided into two parts, the prompt and the deferred. The prompt is paid before the wedding takes place, and the bride has this money for her own use and under her own control. The deferred portion is paid only in the case of divorce, and is intended to provide against the contingency of a wife being sent back to her father's house penniless. Occasionally a man contrives to evade this obligation by treading his wife with such brutality that she is forced to run away from him and thus forfeits her marriage portion.

Polygamy, although permitted by law to the extent of four wives, is rarely practiced by modern Turks and is supposed to be contrary to the highest teaching of the Koran. To the average, uneducated Mohammedan woman, however, a fourth share in a husband is better than none at all. The first questions invariably put to a stranger are: "How old are you? Are you married?" When the answer is in the negative the questioner continues: "Why not? Is your father too poor to buy you a husband?"

Turkish law enacts that a man's wife should be inferior to him in age, fortune and in dignity, but superior in manners, modesty and beauty. He also is slightly restricted in his choice, inasmuch as he may not marry a mermaid or a djinn or any other non-existent being, nor may he marry a pagan. There are no illegitimate children in Turkey, all children having the same legal rights. It is not etiquette to mention the women of his household to a strict Mohammedan unless the latter happen to have received a European education, and it would be considered highly indelicate for a male guest to make inquiries as to the health of the women of the harem.

The debatable question in Turkey as to whether women have souls appears now to have been settled in the affirmative. In the Koran it is stated: "God has promised to believers, men and women, gardens beneath where rivers flow, and goodly places in the Garden of Eden, to dwell therein forever." Rarely, however, do women take part in any religious ceremonies, as they can be present at the mosques only when hidden away from view behind thick curtains. But they are expected to observe the great fast of Ramazan, lasting for thirty days, as carefully as do the men.

Went Without Veils.

The year 1908 was a memorable one for Turkish women, many of whom threw themselves heart and soul into the reform movement. After the downfall of the ex-sultan, Abdul Hamid, thousands of women discarded their veils, and accompanied their husbands and brothers into the streets. In Smyrna also women appeared in public with their husbands, walking side by side instead of behind them. A few months later the sultan returned to Constantinople, and during the week following his restoration to power no woman dared show herself in the streets of the capital. Then came the re-establishment of the constitution, and a large body of women waited upon the ministers of the empire, announcing their intention of going unveiled in the future.

The members of the deputation were coldly informed that they could do so if they chose, but it would be at their own risk. The danger was too great in a country so fanatically religious. Still, the more advanced women are hopeful for the future and feel that the way has been paved for a more enlightened condition of things. There are now between fifty and sixty Mohammedan girls in the American college for girls at Constantinople. The only Mohammedan woman in Turkey who has the degree of bachelor of arts was graduated from this college. This woman, Mme. Halidéh Salih, is director of the Dar-ul-Mouallimat, the Normal School for Girls. In addition to occupying herself with education and politics, she is publishing two books which will soon be given to the public; one is a novel, entitled "Sevieh Lalib," and the other is a volume on pedagogical subjects.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 8, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—A money-saving sale is announced by Monheimer.

—A job printing office has been established at Norwich.

—Don't fail to attend the I. O. O. F. Band dance at the Lyceum next Thursday evening.

—The Sheriff's Sales for the February term of court will be found in this issue of The Miner.

—The Ladies' Aid Society will have a fine line of baked goods on sale at the store of George Brennan, next Saturday at 2:30.

—John J. Mundy, formerly of Coudersport and a well-known newspaper man in this section, is now managing editor of the Ashtabula Beacon.

—Don't fail to attend the concert to be given by the Chicago Ladies' Orchestra at the Lyceum Monday evening for the benefit of the Smethport Fire Department.

—On Tuesday Judge Joseph W. Bouton appointed H. L. Backus, editor of this paper, chief burgess to fill the vacancy made by the removal of S. H. Cleveland from this borough.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church the morning subject, "An Honest Doubter and What Became of His Doubts!" In the evening the subject will be, "Historical Idealization, or the Place of Washington and Lincoln in Our National History."

—Arrangements are being made for a dance and supper to be given in the Lyceum on February the fifteenth, for the benefit of the Odd Fellows' band. Messrs. E. W. Strong, F. H. Biever and Earl Gallup are in charge of the affair and it bids fair to be a very large and successful ball.

—The following item was received too late for publication last week: A surprise party was given Louis Tanner at his home in East Smethport, Thursday evening, Jan. 25, 1912. About twenty-five young people were present. A fine luncheon was served and all present spent a very enjoyable evening.

—Yesterday morning's Bradford Era says: In the "Want" column of the Era this morning, is an advertisement offering for adoption, a baby boy 10 days old. The infant is at the Bethesda Home. It is also stated that the home is in need of high chairs and baby cutters. People who have such articles to donate will please to communicate with Mrs. Fenton, by telephone or otherwise.

—Johnsonburg Press: Mrs. A. M. DeVine telephoned to this office Monday afternoon that Ridgway with its talk in the Daily Record about early spring robins, is not a bit ahead of Rolfe, as she has seen both robins and blue birds in the trees on her lawn within the past week. After the spell of cold weather visitors that remind us of the good old summer time are quite welcome.

—Alleging that he was thrown into a dungeon because he refused to participate in religious services in the county jail, Frederick H. Merrick, editor of the socialist weekly at Pittsburgh, entered suit to recover $10,000 damages against Edward Lewis, warden of the Allegheny county jail. Merrick recently served a term in jail in connection with a charge of libeling a county judge. The bill of particulars says the incarceration happened Sunday, January 12, 1911.

—The Eldred Eagle of last Friday says: Last Saturday afternoon at the McGrainor hospital in Port Allegany, occurred the death of Lottie, wife of Frank Bray, of Coryville, following an operation for tumor. Deceased was 40 years of age, and leaves a husband and one adopted son, Harry. The remains were brought to Coryville, and the funeral was held from her late home, in Moody Hollow, Tuesday, Rev. Prosper Miller officiating, interment being made in the Moody Hollow cemetery.

—Johnsonburg is to have a good baseball club in 1912. A mass meeting was held there recently and an organization effected. A fair of one week's duration is to be held to raise a war fund and the Johnsonburg baseball association promises to give the people of that town the real thing in base ball. Why don't the Smethport fans get busy and have a ball team once more? There is plenty of good material here for a good amateur team and with the proper financial backing could make a good showing with any of our neighboring towns.

—The late Edwin Hawley's single recreation was poker, and at that game even "Bet-You-a-Million" Gates was by no means his master. It is said that on one occasion Hawley was setting our for a trip of inspection to San Francisco. With him was Gates. A game of draw poker was started and the stakes were perilously high. Presently Gates and Hawley drew hands which each thought invincible. The bets rolled up. As the train approached Philadelphia, Gates remonstrated and uttered a friendly warning: "It's foolish for you, Ed. to bet your hand so strong, for I know I have you beat." "In that case keep on betting," rejoined Hawley, "for I am willing to shove in chips until I reach Frisco. That's what I think of my hand." Gates called and Hawley didn't lose.

—A movement backed by one of the state musical associations, is on foot looking to the placing of a tablet to the memory of Ole Borneman Bull at the point in Potter county where that famous musician and his fellow Norwegians colonized. That tablet would be in the Kettle Creek woods, where not many people would see it, in all probability, but it nevertheless would perpetuate the history of one of the most pathetic incidents in Pennsylvania annals, beside being a fitting memorial to a man whose devotion to and interest in his fellows was not surpassed even by his fondness for his art. Ole Bull's colonization scheme was a failure, a sorrowful failure, but it was neither the fault of himself nor the band of fellow countrymen whom he led into the wilderness, that it failed.—Ridgway Advocate.

—The Oil City Derrick says: Residents of the country in the vicinity of Ripley and Westfield, N. Y., are thoroughly frightened through the inability of hunting posses to run down and kill three Canadian timber wolves that crossed the lake on the ice and landed near Barcelonia on Wednesday of last week. The animals have been seen by several persons who say two are gray and the third is black. One farmer found the boards of his sheep pen badly gnawed where the wolves had tried to break through to get at the sheep. A large shepherd dog owned by Fred Richardson, a farmer of near Ripley, came home Monday night badly torn about the body and both ears chewed off, and it is believed he was injured by the wolves. Children attending the rural schools in that neighborhood are escorted to and from their studies by armed men. The beasts visited the farm of M. C. Harrington, near Valusia, Chautauqua county, who had eight geese and a sheep killed and torn by the beasts. The locality where the animals are roaming is adjacent to the gulf of Chautauqua creek. There is heavy timber along the gulf; it is practically inaccessible, its banks in some places being more than 200 feet high.

WHEN HUBBY 'HELPED'

BEAUTIFUL MIXUP IN THE KITCHEN, OF COURSE.

And Wifey's Period of Rest Was Rudely Interrupted as She Went to the Rescue of Her Liege Lord.

"My dear Olivia," said Pumperton, firmly, as dinner ended. "I am going to wash the dishes tonight. You are to sit down in front of the dining room fire and rest. While we are without a maid it is only fair for me to assume my share of the work."

Mrs. Pumperton smiled. "Very well, John. But as the hot water is not coming very well, you'll find it better to set the dishpan, half full, on the stove to heat up. Put some soap powder in it. The package is on the shelf." And with a sigh of relief she went into the living room and sat down to rest.

Pumperton cleared off the table without any serious accidents, then set the dishpan over an open stove hole to heat up. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and tied on a large gingham apron. Then it occurred to him that Olivia had told him to put in some soap powder, so he took a yellow paper box from the pantry shelf and poured in a generous supply. The water by now was almost boiling, but the soap powder obstinately refused to dissolve: so Pumperton took a kitchen spoon and began to stir in vigorously. Instead of becoming fine foamy soapsuds, the water began to thicken and thicken—and the more it thickened the harder Pumperton stirred.

At last Mrs. Pumperton, quietly rocking and reading before the cozy open fireplace, was startled by an agonized appeal from the kitchen. "Olivia!" came her husband's call. "I want you! Quick!" She jumped to her feet and hurried to the kitchen, to see her husband perspiringly, but with determined action, stirring a dishpan full of white mixture, in which knives, forks and china came spasmodically to the surface as he stirred—all coated alike with something like strained flour paste.

She looked at the dishpan with a gasp. "What on earth is the matter?" she asked. "What are you doing there?"

"I don't know," came the discouraged response. "What's the matter with that soap powder of yours? Look what it's doing! How can any man—or woman, for that matter—be expected to wash dishes in that?"

She took one look at the white porridge, then snatched up the package standing open on the table. "John Pumperton," she said, calmly, "I told you to put a little soap powder in that water. Instead you poured in a good half package of cornstarch, and made pudding out of it!"

Highest Point of Interest.

A man who was a passenger on an excursion steamer which returned a few days ago from Panama and Costa Rica, told a New York Tribune reporter that all the tourists were deeply interested in what they saw in Panama and along the line of the canal in the four days which they spent there. "The monster dredges, the great walls of concrete, the locks and other wonders of the canal construction," he said, "naturally came first in order for our attention; then the cheapness of the duck suits which we had to buy, the independence of the merchants who would not send them to you and the hospitality of the American club will be remembered, but the most wonderful thing we saw was the real Panama souvenir in the form of a deck of playing cards bearing Panama scenes, and the cards are made in Ohio."

Converts Battleship Into House.

Mr. Smelter Trust Stokes (the name is coagulated under stress of space) is building a house in Connecticut, and it is going to be real old fashioned. Most of it was built from our battleship Wellington, which Mr. Stokes bought for $200,000. Now he has bought a Suffolk manor house of the Tudor period. Half of it is there already, the other half will be there in the spring. The combination should be striking when Mr. Smelter Stokes has completed his freak house. One of these days we may wake up to find Westminster Abbey missing. And to rediscover it as the dining room—with the Hippodrome close at hand as the drawing room—in the splendid home of another Mr. Trust Smelter—if that is his confounded name.—London Chronicle.

LIMPY'S LEGACY

By MARTHA M. WATSON

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

They brought Limpy into St. Barnaby's hospital one cold night in December. He was as old and wrinkled as a baked apple. For years he had occupied the same corner near the big bridge, sitting beside his chestnut roaster, with a charcoal pail burning in front of him to keep him warm.

This particular night must have been colder than the others, for Limpy had succumbed to Jack Frost, and it was a wonder even his wooden leg hadn't chilblains on it, the doctor in Ward 9 laughingly told Nurse Alice when he turned Limpy over to her.

Alice went back to the new patient, and found Limpy regarding her suspiciously.

"Where's my leg?" he demanded, grumly.

"I think they took it off downstairs when they made the first examination."

"I want it. I want it brought here, and stood beside the head of the bed where I can see it. This is a fine kind of a charity hospital, trying to take a poor old lame feller's leg away from him."

"Don't you worry," Alice assured him, happily. "I'll get it for you, right away. Of course you miss it."

She procured an order from young Doctor Meredith, and ten minutes later the old wooden leg stood by Limpy's cot. It was the rudest sort of a substitute, with a large top, hollowed out, and a straight peg to rest on. Limpy's eyes rested on it with perfect contentment, when Alice set it beside him.

"If I die, I'll leave that to you, nurse," he promised her, whimsically. "It's been a good old friend to me, and you never can tell what might happen. It might come in handy some day to you, too."

Alice laughed as she repeated the old chap's words to Meredith. Some day, when things looked brighter,

"Maybe So, Nurse."

they hoped to marry—some day, when Burton had finished his full course and started practicing. He told her he would go to a small town along the shore, where there was a steady family call for physicians, and he had even drawn up a house plan for her of the first nest they two were to build.

There was much time for wooing at the great, busy metropolitan hospital; but sometimes, in the long night watches in Ward 9, the doctor would come in and talk with Nurse Alice. Limpy's eyes were always closed at these times, but he heard many things, things that he had almost forgotten existed in the hard, cold-blooded world that bought chestnuts from him. He found that even in the house of pain and death, Love takes his daily constitutional as a king around his palace, and finds his worshipers. But his voice was still gruff when he answered the nurse, and he found fault steadily with the young doctor who was striving to save his worthless old life.

One day when the ebb had started the wrong way, he looked up at Alice. She had just smoothed back his gray hair and given him a fresh drink. His shrewd old gray eyes watched her grimly.

"Good thing that wagon ran over me, ain't it? Ain't good for nothing, am I? Just waste paper!"

"We are all good for something," Alice told him, gently. That's part of the reason why. We have to be good for something, or we wouldn't be allowed to help out in the general machinery."

"Have to be good for something," repeated Limpy to himself. "Maybe so, maybe so, nurse. Say, you know what I told you. You can have my wooden peg leg there when they cart me off to the dust heap. Don't you forget, now. It may come in handy yet—" he looked up at her again, and winked solemnly—"to help build that house, you know."

Alice blushed, and wondered how he knew about the nest building, and old Limpy thought how sweet and pure her face looked under the little frilled white cap. Once back in the past there had been a girl sister of his over in Scotland, a little girl named Jeanie, that had died young, and she looked that way, too. Limpy had very nearly forgotten her, while he worked at the hard game of getting a living out of the world. He smiled for the first time in years, a slow, pained, one-sided smile, and whispered that he wanted to speak to the doctor. What he told Meredith even Alice did not know until later. Good naturedly, for he knew that Limpy was already in sight of the Delectable Hills, Meredith came, and bent down to hear the last message. And he smiled, too, for he believed the old man was dreaming.

"Don't you forget, now, Doc," said Limpy. "The top unscrews. Tell her to take it home with her, and ask herself if old Limpy wasn't good for something after all. She's a fine lass, Doc. Got a hand like thistledown. I used to chase thistledown back in Glengarle, seventy years ago."

"All right, old chap. Go to sleep and rest now. I'll tell her," Burton promised, to satisfy him.

But after it was over, and in the still night watches they had carried Limpy out of Ward 9, Alice remembered his old crutch. There it still stood beside his cot, and she knew it would only be thrown away, so she took it to her own locker and put it with her umbrella, and the other girls laughed at her sentimentality.

At the end of the week, she and Burton unwrapped it up at her mother's home, and the whole family of younger brothers and sisters fairly crowed over Limpy's legacy. But the doctor was examining it carefully. Worn and chipped as it was, he saw it was made of fine wood, and Limpy's last words recurred to him.

"What are you doing, Burton?" asked Alice, when she saw him working at the top with his knife. And then she stopped short as the doctor took out the last screw, and the top lifted off of the old peg leg. It was hollow within, but not empty. Inside were Limpy's savings from the chestnut trade for years, greenbacks rolled tightly and pushed down in the cavity, layer on layer.

"About eight thousand, girlie," Burton told her, as he and her mother stopped their counting, half an hour later. "The old chap was right. Your bread on the waters has surely come back to you as plum cake."

"It is yours as much as mine," Alice told him. "Limpy said it was to help build the nest, and I'm going to leave the hospital at the end of the term."

"You'll leave it now," Burton answered, "in memory of Limpy."

CENSOR OF OLD WRITERS

J. Milton Is Too Turgid—Dante's a Sensationalist and "Inferno" Man.

In view of the condemnation of Shakespeare by an Indiana high school, we may imagine that certain other literary lights of ancient days would be called down by the Indiana censor in some such fashion as this—provided they came back:

"What's your name? John Milton? Oh, you wrote 'Paradise Lost,' didn't you? Yes, I've skipped through some of it. Your style is too turgid, John. Your action is built on the ice wagon plan. What you need is an awakener. Get a good rhyming dictionary and reform your dreary blank verse, Milt, and drop in again some time.

"And who are you? Say it again. Dante? Oh, you're the 'Inferno' man, eh? Well, old top, you're a plain sensationalist, that's what you are. In an age when superstition flourished and the black cat racket worked, you might have been well to the front, but who believes in—well, in the inferno, now? Why, say, Dan, your stuff can't even be dramatized!

"See who's here! Bless us, if it ain't Pop Homer! We hardly knew you, pop, since we canned the 'Iliad.' Well, old chap, there isn't anything we can do for you. In an age that produces Ibsens and Bernard Shaws there's no room for preachy Greeks. I know they call you sonorous. In the classroom, however, we found you snore-us. That's a joke. Eh, you can't see it? Then you are blinder than we thought. Here's your hat, and the string of your dog. Adios, old chappie."—Cleveland Leader.

Brother a Better Man.

The Rev. Tom McKenty, superintendent of the Eighth street mission, told a story about himself at a recent ministers' meeting, which was indicative of the degree of esteem in which some members of the "submerged" hold the representatives of the ministry and the law.

The clergyman is a brother of Bob McKenty, warden of the eastern penitentiary, and the ministerial member of the family handles many men at his mission who have passed through the hands of Warden Bob.

"One night not long ago," said the evangelist, "there was a man in my congregation who seemed deeply impressed with the service. He came up to me when it was over and told me that he had just been released from the eastern penitentiary.

"'I know your brother there,' said my man. 'Indeed,' he continued, 'I've met him more times than any minister. And, savin' your presence, I'm not sure that he isn't a better man than your rev'rence.'"—Philadelphia Record.

His Condition.

"In straightened circumstances, is he not?"

"Yes. He confesses that it is about all he can do to keep the wolf out of the garage."—Puck.

Rattling the Skeleton.

Corrigan (the sudden rich)—Yes, time works wonders, Dinny. An' so ye didn't know I had taken up golf?

Conley—I did not! I thought ye were still takin' up m[illegible]

The KITCHEN CABINET

LET'S not despise just common things,
For here's a truth there is no dodging,
The bird that soars on proudest wings
Comes down to earth for board and lodging. —Nixon Waterman.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

When a clock refuses to run it is often because it needs oiling, and an easy way to oil it is to saturate a piece of absorbent cotton and place it in the bottom of the clock. The oil will evaporate and oil the works.

A whisk broom is a great convenience in sprinkling clothes.

Old bed spreads are useful for many things. A large part may be used for silence cloths on card tables, or if enough is good, one for a dining table. The smaller pieces may be made double and used as bath mats. The small pieces make fine wash cloths; so every bit may be used.

A small-sized baking powder can, with a few holes punched in the bottom, makes a fine food chopper, and can be used to chop potatoes while they are frying.

If a coffee or spice mill is needed for other grinding, it can be nicely cleaned by running a few dry crackers through it or a little rice.

If velvet bows get mussed on hat or gown, wrap the heated curling tongs with a wet cloth and steam them into shape again.

If sweaters and knitted garments are dried on coat hangers they will look much more shapely.

Bake pumpkin pie in small patty tins and serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each.

Save all fruit juices to use in frozen dishes or for pudding sauces.

Puffed rice makes much more delicious balls than popcorn, as there are never any hard kernels in the rice to cause discomfort when eating.

When steel knives are laid away, if wrapped in tissue paper they will keep bright.

Nellie Maxwell

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May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

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Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

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Address all communications to
HARRY L. BAUKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 8, 1912.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Editor Miner:—Please announce my candidacy for Congress from the Twenty-First congressional district, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries in April.

CHARLES E. PATTON.

Curwensville, Pa., Jan. 10, 1912.

For State Senator.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for renomination for the office of State Senator, to represent the 25th Pennsylvania senatorial district, subject to the action of the Republican voters of Potter, McKean and Tioga counties, at the primaries, April 13, 1912.

FRANK E. BALDWIN.

Autsin, Pa., January 22, 1912.

State Delegate.

Editor Miner:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to the usages of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on Saturday, April 13, 1912.

H. E. GAFFNEY.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 5, 1912.

Money paid to the state for registration of automobiles and the licensing of chauffeurs may be used for improvement of roads without specific appropriation, according to an opinion given by Attorney General Bell to Auditor General Sisson and Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow.

Clasped in close embrace, the bodies of Frederick W. Noble and his bride of three weeks, Mrs. Louis White Suydam Noble, with whom he eloped in September last, when she was the wife of Walter Lispenard Suydam, the millionaire fisherman, of Blue Point, L. I., were found lying upon the floor of the kitchenette of their apartments in the Regina, at 82 West Twelfth street, New York, Sunday morning. Mrs. Noble was 28 years of age when she left her young millionaire husband to elope with her soulmate, a young plumber, aged about 20 years, but it seems she was not happy with his love and urged him to end it all with her.

Harry E. Gaffney of Bradford announces in this issue that he is a candidate for Delegate to the Republican State convention, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held April 13. Mr. Gaffney is one of the leading young business men of this county, having large holdings in oil and chemical factories in various places. He is an enthusiastic Republican who is always ready and willing to assist his party in any way he can and that he would make an excellent representative at the State convention from this county none will question. He has a host of friends all over the county and he probably will be chosen by a large plurality.

We are pleased to learn that our friend, former Representative Edward E. Beidleman of Harrisburg, has announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for State Senator to succeed Senator John E. Fox, who is not a candidate for another term. Mr. Beidleman served in the House as a Representative from Dauphin county in the sessions of 1903, 1905 and 1907, and was chairman of the Judiciary General Committee in 1907, when the writer had the honor of being the clerk to this committee. Mr. Beidleman is one of Harrisburg's most prominent and successful young attorneys and an unusually brilliant man. He was recognized as one of the very best orators and one of the floor leaders of the House in 1907. He should be nominated and elected by a large majority as he no doubt will be.

TO ENLARGE CAPITOL PARK.

Governor Tener Authorizes Commission to Acquire Additional Properties.

Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 2.—Gov. John K. Tener to-day authorized the commission for the purchase of the property required for the extension of Capitol Park to proceed with its work. The governor is satisfied that the area between North and Walnut streets and Fourth street and the property of the Pennsylvania railroad can be bought within the $2,000,000 appropriation provided by the act of June 16, 1911.

As a result of the official sanction of the purchase, the commissioner will proceed at once to obtain options or to buy outright. Fair prices have been fixed for the properties, and, where it is possible to buy for the commonwealth, sales will be quickly consummated. Where it is not the parcels will be taken by the right of eminent domain and the consideration determined by process of law.

For weeks the commissioners have been working on estimates. They had the original estimates made by the committee of Harrisburg citizens and furnished to the State Legislature. They had the appraisement made by Samuel B. Rambo and others and their own figures, the result of weeks of study, and the knowledge of conditions of President A. G. Knisely, Secretary Samuel C. Todd and Commissioner Samuel Kunkel, with Real Estate Expert George E. Etter and finally they had the properties checked up by Eugene Walz and Edward Moselin. It has been a system of estimating and checking up, coupled with many visits to properties, the asking of hundreds of opinions, thorough study and hard work.

Gov. Tener told the committee of Harrisburg citizens who urged him to sign the bill that he would agree to the project if satisfied that the cost would not exceed $2,000,000. The commissioners have submitted their figures and all estimates to the governor, visited the properties with him and discussed it with him. It has been gone over again and again and the most searching test possible has evidently been put to it by the governor.

This morning Gov. Tener said:

"The Capitol Park Extension Commission has received my sanction for the acquisition of the properties contained in the proposed extension. It can now proceed with its work.

"I am satisfied with the figures submitted to me by the commissioners and the study of the subject by others that the property can be bought within the $2,000,000 appropriation.

"I have gone over the property and have studied the figures presented to me and believe that fair prices have been fixed. Where agreements can not be made the matter will have to stand the test of the courts."

Under the terms of the act of June 16, $100,000 is available for each of the years ending June 1, 1912, and June 1, 1913, and $450,000 in each of the four succeeding years, the whole property to be bought by June 1, 1917.

The commissioners will now proceed to acquire what properties they can by direct purchase, and to secure options on others. The property contains 29½ acres, of which nine are contained in highways, which the city has dedicated to the state. The Board of Public Grounds and Buildings will determine how the property shall be laid out and what driveways opened through it.

PROHIBITION PLEDGE SIGNERS.

A Few Words From That Well-Known Man, Elisha K. Kane.

Slightly more than two years ago, there was circulated in McKean county a non-partisan Prohibition Pledge, the signers of which agreed that at the primaries and election of 1910 and thereafter for five years until notice mailed to me they would vote for no candidate for Congress of Legislature who did not openly and clearly declare himself in favor of Prohibition and promise to support pending measures tending toward Prohibition. This pledge was extensively signed by men of all parties. Not one of them has given me notice of withdrawal.

In 1910 Charles E. Patton, a comparatively unknown man, made the declaration and promise. He was nominated on the Republican and Prohibition tickets for Congress and elected by a majority vote exceeding the combined vote of those two parties. R. W. Hilton, whose position had been decalred in former years, made the promise, was nominated for Assembly on the Prohibition, Democratic and Keystone tickets, and elected by more than the combined majorities. Edward R. Benson, a Good Templar, made the declaration and promise, received the Democratic and Keystone nominations for Assembly, and was elected in spite of the Prohibition party vote going to Dr. A. McAlpin.

I desire through your columns, to remind this successful army of pledge-signers, that their pledge is still in force; and should be made effective at the coming primaries and election. Congressman, State Senator, and two Assemblymen are to be nominated and elected. Those who love their own party, whether Republican, Democratic, Prohibition or Keystone, should be especially active to secure candidates for the primaries and to nominate them there. If necessary, let the office seek the man. Fifty Republicans to petition for a Republican prohibitionist ought readily to be found. The Democrats and Keystoners owe renominations to the two Democratic prohibitionists who were victorious in 1910. Similarly the Democrats and Keystoners should find in their ranks some open friend of prohibition for Congress and the Republicans owe a renomination. As for the Prohibition party, my personal desire is that it shall unselfishly seek the good of the cause by placing on its tickets those candidates of other large parties who declare themselves in favor of Prohibition. "In Union There is Strength."

ELISHA KENT KANE.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 7. (Special)—"Hobby Night" at the National Press Club brought out the interesting statement from Secretary of State Knox, that, "but for the fact that the arbitration treaties were hashed in the Senate, my friend, the German ambassador, and myself would have concluded a similar treaty with Germany." It had been surmised that such a treaty was in process of incubation but it was the first time that so positive a declaration had been made on the part of the administration and it went far toward clarifying the situation.

The declaration of the Secretary of State refutes the idea, which is very largely prevalent, that the arbitration treaties pending in the Senate were adverse to German interests and shows the untenable position which many American citizens of German birth assume that the peace treaties with England and France were antagonistic to the great German empire. Nothing is further from the truth.

A river and harbor bill carrying in the neighborhood of $20,000,000 will probably be reported to the House about February 15, the rivers and harbors committee, upon their return from Florida, where they went to participate in the opening of the "Over-the-Sea" railroad to Key West, having settled down to the serious consideration of the measure to be reported.

Hearings were held the past week on the Intercoast project which contemplates, with the use of rivers, bays and canals, an inside waterway from Maine to the Florida Keys. The favorable consideration given to the Atlantic, Deeper Waterways project, by the Board of Army Engineers, with estimated cost of connecting up the bays and rivers with canals, either to be built completely or, where now in existence enlarged, gives the projects a standing that it did not have until the Chief of Engineers had spoken. It now becomes a recommended project and therefore entitled to the consideration shown it in the hearings of this week.

The subject was divided into two parts. The New England and New Jersey end and the Beaufort, North Carolina, end connecting Albemarle and Palmico sounds through the enlargement of existing canals now almost abandoned. While it is the intention of the committee to report an exceedingly conservative measure it seems to be a good guess that two or three new projects will be recognized by small appropriations which will enable the engineers to begin work upon them during the next fiscal year.

"Brace up the line!" was the command given by President Taft this week to his political generals, and "brace up the line!" was in turn communicated to the rank and file of the "grand old party" everywhere with the result that the Taft sentiment has been considerably on the increase since the President's trip to Ohio where he struck sturdy blows in defense of his administration. And to further the Taft sentiment headquarters will be opened in a few days in this city in charge of one of the President's trusted lieutenants from Ohio, when renewed impetus to the Taft candidacy may be looked for.

Harmon and Wilson headquarters are also in full swing, to say nothing of Speaker Clark's headquarters which are to be found on the second floor of the capitol wing occupied by the House of Representatives. Then there is the Underwood boom, while not as formidable as these others is still decidedly healthy. By February 15, the leading candidates of both great parties will be found in Washington, either in person or by proxy, angling for delegates to the national conventions and a hot time in the old town may be looked for.

The Hope diamond, with all its sinister history, was worn for the first time in America on Friday night by its new owner, Mrs. Edward B. McLean at the most brilliant reception of the winter, given by the McLean's in honor of the Czar's envoy to the United States, Ambassador Bakhmeteff and his American wife, aunt of Mrs. McLean. Besides this world-famous jewel Mrs. McLean wore the famous Star of the East diamond, which weighs ninety-eight karats and which is regarded as one of the most valuable stones in the world.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending February 3d, 1912:

Brown, Mrs. William
Smith, Mr. B. F.
Tarr, Mr. David.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Advertise in The Miner.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Elsie T. MacDonald
—vs.—
James F. MacDonald.
No. 51, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Elsie T. MacDonald did on the 30th day of June, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James F. MacDonald.

We therefore command you, the said James F. MacDonald, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Elsie T. MacDonald, your wife, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Elsie T. MacDonald, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
W. E. Burdick, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Delina O. Brown
—vs.—
Albert E. Brown.
No. 122, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Delina O. Brown did, on the 8th day of August, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Albert E. Brown.

We therefore command you, the said Albert E. Brown, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Delina O. Brown, and show cause, if any you have, why the said Delina O. Brown, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
C. E. Judd, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Olive M. Reed
—vs.—
John T. Reed.
No. 8, October Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Olive M. Reed did, on the 5th day of June, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, John T. Reed.

We therefore command you, the said John T. Reed, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Olive M. Reed and show cause, if any you have, why the said Olive M. Reed, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
Mullin & Woods, Attys. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Jeremiah Galvin
—vs.—
Verna P. Galvin.
No. 75, February Term, 1910.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Jeremiah Galvin did, on the 30th day of January, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Verna P. Galvin.

We therefore command you, the said Verna P. Galvin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Jeremiah Galvin and show cause, if any you have, why the said Jeremiah Galvin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
F. D. Gallup, Atty. for Libellant.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.
Bertha Mallen
—vs.—
H. A. Mallen.
No. 221, June Term, 1911.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

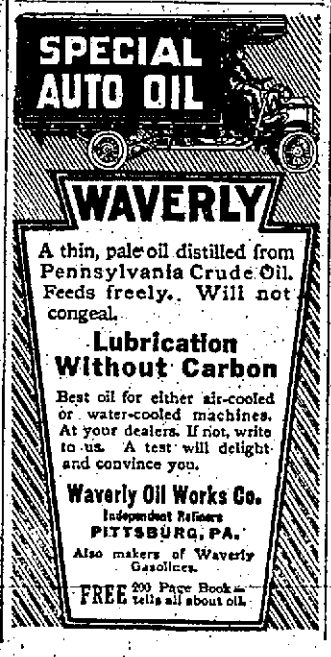
Whereas Bertha Mallen did, on the 26th day of April, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, H. A. Mallen.

We therefore command you, the said H. A. Mallen, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the fourth Monday of February, next, to answer the petition or libel of Bertha Mallen and show cause, if any you have, why the said Bertha Mallen, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M. C. BAIN, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 31, 1912.
Gallup & Shattuck, Attys. for Libellant.



A thin, pale oil distilled from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Feeds freely. Will not congeal.

Lubrication Without Carbon

Best oil for either air-cooled or water-cooled machines. At your dealers. If not, write to us. A test will delight and convince you.

Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Gasolines.

FREE 200 Page Book—tells all about oil.

OVERCOAT SALE
NOW ON
—AT—
H. W. Rubin,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

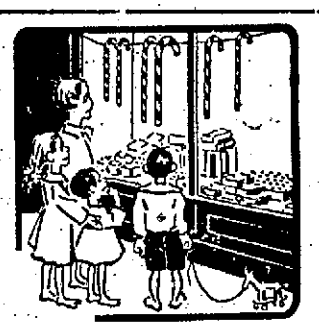
HULL UMBRELLAS
DETACHABLE HANDLES

Come in and

Look over our fine line of Gold Handle Umbrellas from $3 up to $15.00. Also a complete line of Jewelry and cut glass.

Engstrom & Olson

An Ad. in The Miner Means More Business



THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE
Can be more
TANTALIZING
TO THE KIDS
than the pantry with locked doors.
ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled
With Good Things From Our Store!
Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON
Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS'
PLUM PUDDING
Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,
PHONE 7.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey

Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.

It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes, in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

Clean Sweep of Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Suits.

Every Garment marked at Sweeping Reduction for quick Claarance. Prices that will suit your purse. Garmenta that will suit you. Come early while we have your size.

Shoes

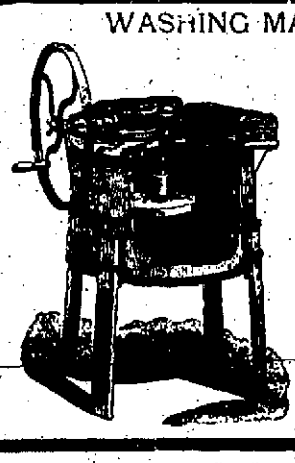
25 pairs, sizes 2 to 2 1-2, only ladies shoes. 3.00 Value at $1.39 per pair.

Remember only above sizes at above price.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

WASHING MADE EASY AT



Daly & Garlicks

Hardware and Plumbing.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 8, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Don't fail to secure a ticket for the Odd Fellows' Band-dance.

—Next Wednesday, Feb. 14, will be St. Valenthe's Day.

—Don't forget the Chicago Ladies' Orchestra next Monday evening.

—Don't forget that Smethport is going to celebrate the Fourth of July.

—Buy a ticket for the band dance at the Lyceum next Thursday night.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Natello, on Wednesday, Feb. 7, 1912, a girl.

—Don't forget the Chicago Ladies' Orchestra at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany, on Sunday, February 4, 1912, a girl.

—Mrs. J. W. Lee entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Mart Heinlein is moving a house up from Farmers Valley and placing it on his lot on East Main street.

—The engagement of Miss Virginia Zook of Bradford and Mr. William O'Reilly of this place has been announced.

—Next Monday, Feb. 12, is Lincoln's birthday and as it is a legal holiday and the banks and postoffice will be closed.

—Several couples of young people from Norwich enjoyed a sleigh ride to this place last Saturday night, taking supper at the Commercial House.

—Word has been received from Washington, D. C., stating that Phylis, the infant daughter of Col. and Mrs. Mellville Gillett, is again very ill.

—It is announced that much of the construction work of the new Western Penitentiary to be erected at Bellefonte will be performed by convict labor.

—Miss Marion McAlpin of Bradford gave a very pretty six o'clock course dinner at "The Nook" last Saturday. Miss Clara Berg of New York was present.

—Fuller & Cole's stock company held the boards at the Lyceum on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of last week. The company was greeted with fair business.

—All the members of the Protected Home Circle that attended lodge during the contest, are requested to be at the logde room on Tuesday evening, Feb. 13, to attend the banquet.

—An after dance will be conducted at the conclusion of the concert by the Chicago Ladies' Orchestra, at the Lyceum next Monday evening. Tickets 50 cents.

—The Stanley Bright Bible class held a "mystery" social in the Methodist chapel on Monday evening. It was well attended and all present had a delightful time.

—Don't forget the I. O. O. F. Band dance which will be held on Thursday night of next week. A first-class dance will be given for 75 cents and this creditable organization needs the money. Luncheon is extra at 5 cents per course.

—Miss Maude Lamar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace Walker of Coalinga, California, formerly of this place, was united in marriage to Mr. John Arthur Clifford White, at Hanford, California, Wednesday, Jan. 10, 1912.

—The Travellers' Club held its regular meeting in the club house on Saturday afternoon. An excellent program was given, papers being read by Mesdames Chas. McKean, D. C. Young and D. M. Brasted, the general subject being Norway.

—Mrs. Robert A. Cooper gave a party Friday evening in honor of her daughter, Miss Anna. Games and music were enjoyed until 11 o'clock, when refreshments were served. All departed for their homes reporting an enjoyable evening.

—Friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. McAbon gave them a very pleasant surprise at their home in East Smethport Thursday evening, Feb. 1st, it being their forty-first wedding anniversary. They were presented with a beautiful cut glass sugar and creamer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean and Dr. and Mrs. John Clark left Tuesday for New York where they sailed by the coast route for Mexico City, Mexico. They will visit various points of interest in that country and expect to spend about two months in the Land of Mannana.

—The Miner is in receipt of a calendar from the White & Wycoff stationery mfg. company of Holyoke, Mass., one of the neatest calendars we have seen in many a day. Every holiday or special day during the year is marked by a suitable illustration in its proper place on the calendar.

—The repairs on the interior of the postoffice are progressing rapidly. The new floor and postoffice boxes have been put in and present a much improved appearance. Owing to this change Postmaster Gallup and his able assistants have been kept very busy showing patrons their new boxes and the combinations thereto. The other repairs will be put under way at once.

—Yesterday noon Constable Foote brought Tony Imagone here from a place near Mt. Alton and lodged him in jail on a charge of aggravated assault. Tony and a Frenchman who was working with him got into an argument and Tony used an iron poker on the head of the Frenchman to prove that he was right with quite disastrous results. The case will be tried at the next term of criminal court.

—Upwards of four hundred fifty season tickets were sold by the hose boys for the entertainment course this winter. The Chicago Ladies' Orchestra on Monday evening is the final number of the course. We are requested by Guy McCoy to state that persons who have season tickets not paid for will find him at the box office at the Lyceum Monday evening, and a settlement at that time will be much appreciated by the firemen.

—The Odd Fellows' band are laying extensive plans for their dance next Thursday night. Invitations have been extended to various bands in this section to be in attendance, and everything points to a large crowd being in attendance. Many tickets have been sold by the committee and you had best secure yours now. Mrs. T. H. Purtle has been appointed chairman of the committee of arrangements and donations should be left with her.

—Word was received in this place Monday of the death of George O'Neil, which occurred at his home in Buffalo that afternoon. He is survived by a widow, two daughters and one son. Mr. O'Neil has been a frequent Smethport visitor in past years where he has been the guest of his cousin, Mrs. T. H. Purtle. He made many friends in Smethport who were shocked to learn of his demise. For some time past Mr. O'Neil has conducted the College Inn at Geneva, N. Y., up to several weeks ago, the time he was seized with the illness which resulted in his death.

—The B. R. & P. company has placed an order for ten new locomotives for delivery in the near future, and Foreman J. W. Barry of the locomotive works at DuBois, has gone to Dunkirk, where he will be located for the next two or three months as an inspector, looking into all details of construction and tests of material. Three of the locomotives are for passenger service and are of the Atlantic type, having three sets of drivers, while seven of them will be of the large Mikado type, for freight service. It is expected that these locomotives when delivered will be used on the middle division.

—Fortunato Zucco, the Italian who criminally assaulted Mrs. Joe Catoni, mention of which was made last week, was arraigned before Justice Colegrove last Thursday afternoon, and held for his appearance at court in the sum of $1,000, in default of which he was remanded to jail. The evidence showed that Zucco pretended sick that morning until after Mr. Catoni and the men went to work and Mrs. Catoni returned to her bed with her baby for more sleep. Then Zucco entered her bedroom and she was forced to flee half clad with her babe in her arms to the neighbors.

—The B. R. & P. motor car which is operated on the system between Rochester and LeRoy, N. Y., ran through here at about midnight, says the Era. This was done rather than hold the Buffalo-Pittsburgh flyer two hours for the Rochester connection which carried a number of passengers for Bradford. After unloading here, the car started back. At Limestone the motor car jumped the track at a switch "frog" and crashed into the depot, knocking down some of the signal apparatus and side-wiping a string of freight cars on a siding. It is estimated that the damage will exceed $2,000. No one was injured. The wreck was cleared promptly so as not to interfere with traffic.

—The Western Union Telegraph office, which has been located in M. L. Armstrong's jewelry store for a great many years, with M. L. Armstrong as operator, has been moved to the Bell Telephone office on the second floor of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.'s building. Miss Ruth Hoard of Salamanca, N. Y., is the operator, who is said to be an expert in her line. This change will greatly facilitate the telegraph service in Smethport, due to the fact that telegrams will be sent and delivered at any time during the day or night. If the operator is not on duty the message will be handled by telephone from the nearest office where an operator is on duty and the message delivered or taken no matter what hour, day or night.

—The ground-hog certainly saw his shadow in Smethport last Friday.

—District Attorney Nelson was notified that a poker joint was in operation in a little shack in the woods near Mina and on Sunday, Jan. 28, Sheriff Clark and Deputy Baker raided the place, says the Potter County Democrat. When they arrived at the door, which was locked, they demanded admittance and heard some one say, "put them away," and by the time the door was opened and they had entered they found nine men apparently enjoying a social game of cirich, but from what they saw and heard they took George Gritzler, the proprietor, in custody. He waived an examination before Justice Olmsted and was remanded to jail in default of $300 bail to await the action of the grand jury in March.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin is in Geneva, N. Y., on a visit.

Mrs. W. F. Specht was a Bradford visitor this week.

Mrs. Geo. W. King left to-day for a short visit at Buffalo.

Herman Digel of Coleville was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Miss Mame O'Connell of Dunnville, Canada, is the guest of Mate Connolly.

Allen King left to-day for Buffalo, N. Y., where he has accepted a position.

Miss Virginia Zook of Bradford was the guest of Mrs. Mary L. Bisett this week.

Misses Mate Connolly, Edith Young and Mame O'Connell were Bradford visitors Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Engstrom were the guests of Hazelhurst relatives a few days this week.

Miss Buelah Holder was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Gordon Studholme, at Port Allegany over Sunday.

W. P. Mitchell, who is employed on the Review at Interlaken, N. Y., spent Sunday with his wife in this place.

Mrs. George Gerritt was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Frank Dunbar, at Olean the latter part of last week.

W. P. Walsh was called to Cyghet, Ohio, on Monday on account of the death of his brother-in-law, John Hartigan.

Mrs. E. S. Churchill, who has been the guest of Chas. H. Gleason and family, has returned to her home in Springville, N. Y.

Miss Clara Berg of New York, who is visiting her parents at Crosby, was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Burdick returned home last Friday from an extended visit in Baltimore, Md. Mr. Burdick, who has been receiving medical treatment there, is somewhat improved.

Mrs. Scott F. Redfield, Miss Leona Hogarth and Miss Marie Purtle are in Geneva, N. Y., this week to attend the Junior Prom. at Hobart College. Scott F. Redfield joins them from Philadelphia where he attended the banquet of the Periodical Publishers' Association held at the Bellevue-Stratford last Friday night.

Bell Bros. Big Mill-End Sale is now on.

If you could have visited the big department store of Bell Bros., Olean, N. Y., Saturday and Monday, the first days of their "Mill End" sale you would readily understand why this popular firm were such strong believers in "Printer's Ink."

There were 20,000 four-page bills distributed, announcing this big sale, within a radius of 50 miles of Olean besides a large amount of newspaper advertising, etc., which at a conservative estimate was read by over 100,000 people.

This sale features "Mill Ends" and a general clearance of all seasonable goods—such as Dry Goods, Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Ready-to-Wear Goods, Millinery, Wall Paper, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes—in fact everything usually kept in a strictly up-to-date Department store.

"Bell Bros. never disappoint their thousands of customers," is one of their advertised maxims—which is more than exemplified at this big sale. They claim to have more surprises in the way of bargains than at any other of their fifty semi-annual sales.

Watch for the "Yellow Tag"—Every tag means a bargain—Every bargain a saving.

Railroad fare will be refunded one way on purchases of $25.00 or more and both ways on purchases of $50.00 or more. If you did not receive one of their "Mill End" sale bills—drop the firm a postal card and you will receive one by return mail. Ten days of spirited bargain selling still remains. Get your share.

Are You

One of the lucky ones that got a SUIT HERE at a SAVING of from

$5.00 to $7.50

Yes, it was good luck to get a fine all wool $15 or $18 ALL WOOL Suit or Overcoat at

$10.00 or $12.00

There's still a splendid selection here at that price, sizes 34 to 42—it is the Best Clothing Bargain ever offered.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Ladies Home Journal Patterns — Onett Shirts

FRY & COMES

The Store that sells "Wooltex"

New white waists for 1912

VICTORIA BRAND

Your attention if you please to a shipment of "VICTORIA" Waists which has just arrived.

Discriminating women will find the "Victoria" Waist a garment to satisfy the most critical taste. Materials are of the choicest, styles the last word and the workmanship will meet the approval of the most fastidious. The "Victoria" is so much of an improvement over what is usually termed splendid in shirt waists that we wont you to see this new line while the assortment is at its best.

Materials are Batistes, Lingerie Lawns, Persian Lawns, Marquisettes, Linen Finish Cottons.

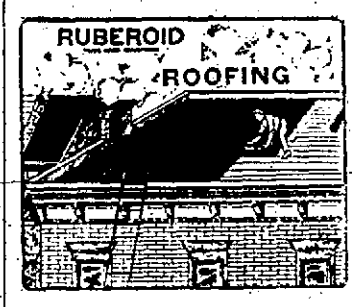
Sizes 32 to 44. Prices $1.00 to $4.75.

New Dress Worsteds for Spring have just been unpacked. We'll be glad to show them to you. 50c to $1.50 per yard.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT. : : : PA.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your beet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

1913 Calendars

Calendars, like any other commodity, should be purchased from a house of established reputation and proved stability.

The A. M. Collins Mfg. Co. of Philadelphia which supplies me with Art Advertising Calendars is such a house.

Established since 1857, it has been for years the largest producer of high-grade cardboard in the United States, and its various specialties have given it world-wide fame.

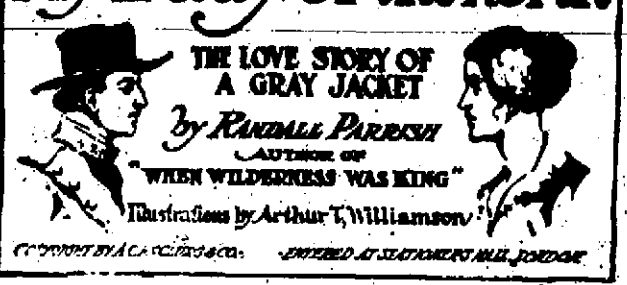
It has earned its reputation by unfaltering honesty and the strictest maintenance of quality in all its products.

Since embarking in the calendar business, it has spared no expense in building up a line which is unexcelled in quality, originality and advertising value by that of any other house.

It is worth your while to know something about the products of this house. Samples for 1913 are now ready. Don't fail to call and see them.

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor Miner.

My Lady of the North



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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens in a tent of the Confederate army at a critical stage of the Civil War. Gen. Lee imparts to Captain Wayne a secret message to Longstreet, upon the delivery of which depend great issues. Accompanied by Sergeant Craig, an old army scout, Wayne starts out on his dangerous mission.

CHAPTER II.—The two messengers make a wild ride, dodging squads of soldiers, almost lose their bearings and finally are within the lines of the enemy, having penetrated the cordon of pickets unmolested.

CHAPTER III.—Encountering a small party of soldiers in the darkness, Wayne is taken for a federal officer who came to keep an appointment, is accepted as his representative, and a young lady on horseback is given in his charge.

CHAPTER IV.—The female companion of the two southern scouts is a northern girl, who, when she becomes aware of their army affiliations, slashes Wayne with her riding whip and attempts to escape but fails.

CHAPTER V.—One of the horses giving out, Wayne orders Craig to get through with the dispatches to Longstreet. He and My Lady of the North are left alone near a rocky gorge.

CHAPTER VI.—The Confederate officer and the Union girl thread the mazes of the woods. He discovers a lonely hut, and entering it in the dark a huge mastiff attacks him. The girl shoots the brute just in time.

CHAPTER VII.—The owner of the hut, one Jed Bungay, appears and he and his wife give the captain a welcome. Suddenly a party of horsemen are observed coming down the road.

CHAPTER VIII.—They are led by a man claiming to be Red Lowrie, who orders Mrs. Bungay to give them food, and her husband to act as a guide. The woman discovers the man to be a disguised impostor, attacks the intruder and there is a general melee.

CHAPTER IX.—The disguised leader proves to be Major Brennan, a Federal officer whom the Union girl recognizes. He orders the arrest of Wayne as a spy. The girl protests and says she will appeal to General Sheridan.

CHAPTER IX.

In the Hands of the Enemy.

In the first surprise of that unexpected joyful cry ringing at my very ears all my senses seemed confused, and I stood motionless. Then I heard Bungay utter a smothered oath, and knew he had wheeled about in the darkness. Unable to distinguish the slightest outline of his figure, I was yet impressed with the thought that he was endeavoring to muffle the girl, to prevent her uttering a second cry. Impelled by this intuition I flung out my arm hastily, and by rare good luck it came in contact with his hand.

"None of that, you little cur!" I muttered sternly, unmindful of his efforts to break away. "No hand on her, mind you! Mrs. Brennan, what does this mean?"

She made no attempt to answer, but I could hear her now groping her way through the darkness toward the place of our entrance. Bungay detected the movement also, and made a violent effort to break loose from my grip, that he might hurry after her.

"You lit go o' me," he cried excitedly, "er, by goll; I'll use a knife. She'll give this whole thing away if she ever gits out."

For answer I hurled him backward with all my strength and sprang after the fleeing woman. But I was already too late to stop her, even had that been my intention. With strength yielded her by desperation, she thrust

With a Crash She Brought the Iron Skillet Down With All Her Strength.

aside the heavy cupboard, and as the light swept in, sprang forward into the rude shed. With another bound, gathering her skirts as she ran, she was up the steps and had burst into the outer room. A moment later I also stood in the doorway, gazing upon a scene that made my blood like fire.

The fighting had evidently ceased suddenly with her first cry. Marla stood panting in one corner, the deadly skillet again in her hand, her hair hanging in wisps down her back. Still unconscious from the blow he had received, one fellow lay outstretched on the floor, his head barely missing the hot ashes of the fireplace; while his companion nursed his bruises and scowled from a safe refuge behind the table. The unshaven faces of several others of the gang were peering curiously in through the open door. I know now I saw all this, for the picture of it is upon the retina of memory, but at the moment everything I appeared to perceive or hear occurred in the centre of the room.

The man who had posed as the leader stood there alone facing us, his expression a strange mixture of amusement and delight. He was a powerfully built man, with keen gray eyes deeply set in their sockets. His right hand rested heavily upon the hilt of a cavalry sabre, the scabbard of which was concealed beneath the folds of the long brown coat he wore. As Mrs. Brennan burst through the doorway he stepped eagerly forward, his eyes brightening, and they met with clasped hands.

"Is it possible—Edith?" he cried, as if the recognition could scarcely be credited.

"Oh, Frank!" she exclaimed, eagerly, "it seems all too good to be true. How came you here?"

"Hunting after you, my fair lady. Did you suppose you could disappear as mysteriously as you did last night without my being early on the trail? Have these people injured you in any way?" And he glanced about him with a threat in his gesture.

"Oh, no, Frank," hastily; "every one has been most kind. It was a mere mistake. But how strangely you are dressed! how very rough you look!"

He laughed, but still retained his warm clasp of her hands.

"Not the pomp and circumstance of glorious war which you expected, girl?" he asked lightly. "But we have all sorts of conditions to meet down here, and soon learn in Rome to do as the Romans do."

As he finished speaking he perceived me for the first time, and his face changed instantly into cold sternness. I saw him sweep one hasty glance around, as though he suspected that I might not be alone, and his hand fell once more upon his sword hilt, in posture suggestive of readiness for action.

"Who have we here?" he asked, staring at me in amazement. "A Johnny Reb?"

"Whatever I am," I retored, my gorge rising suddenly at his contemptuous term, and stepping out into the room before him, "I at least wear the uniform of my service and rank, and not the nondescript uniform of a guerilla."

The scornful words stung him; I noticed the quick flush of anger in his eyes, and was not sorry.

"You are insolent, sir. Moreover, you go too far, for as it chances you are well within our lines, and we will see to what extent honor is consistent with the work of a spy. The uniform of your service, indeed!" he echoed hotly, pointing as he spoke across the room; "that cavalry cloak over yonder tells its own story. Peters, Steele, arrest this fellow."

"Frank, don't do that," she urged earnestly. "You mistake; that was the cloak I wore."

If he heard her he gave no sign.

"Bind him," was the stern order, as the two men advanced. "Use your belts if you have nothing else handy."

Angry as I most assuredly was, swept also by a new emotion which I did not in the least comprehend, I yet fully realized the utter helplessness of my position in point of resistance. They were twenty to one, however much I longed to grapple with him who mocked me, the very thought was insanity; my only possible chance of escape lay in flight. To realize this was to act. I leaped backward, trusting for a clear field in my rear, and an opportunity to run for it, but the door by which I had just entered was now closed and barred—Bungay had made sure his retreat. The man, watching my every movement, with sword half drawn in his hand, saw instantly that I was securely trapped, and laughed in scorn.

"You are not making war on women now," he said with a cutting sneer. "You will not find me so easy a victim."

The taunt stung me, but more the tone and manner of the speaker, and the hot blood of youth cast all caution to the winds. With a single spring, forgetful of my own wound, I was at his throat, dashed aside his uplifted hand, and by the sheer audacity of my sudden, unexpected onset, bore him back crashing to the floor. He struggled gamely, yet I possessed the advantage of position, and would have punished him severely, but for the dozen strong hands which instantly laid hold upon me, and dragged me off, still fighting madly, although as helpless as a child.

My opponent instantly leaped to his feet and started forward, drawing a revolver as he came. His face was deathly white from passion, and there was a look in his eyes which told me he would be restrained now by no rule of war.

"You cowardly spy!" he cried, and my ears caught the sharp click as he drew back the hammer. "Do you think I will let that blow go unavenged?"

"I assuredly trust not," I answered, gazing up at him from behind the gun muzzles with which I was yet securely pinned to the floor. "But if you are, as I am led to believe, a Federal officer, with some pretensions to being also a gentleman, and not the outlaw your clothes proclaim, you will at least permit me to stand upon my feet and face you as a man. If I am a spy, as you seem inclined to claim, there are army courts to try me; if not, then I am your equal in standing and rank, and have every right of a prisoner of war."

"This has become personal," hoarsely. "Your blow, as well as your connection with the forcible abduction of this young lady, whose legal protector I am, are not matters to be settled by an army court."

"Then permit me to meet you in any satisfactory way. The murder of a helpless man will scarcely clarify your honor."

I knew from the unrelenting expression upon his face that my plea was likely to prove a perfectly useless one, but before I had ended it Mrs. Brennan stood between us.

"Frank," she said calmly, "you shall not. This man is a Confederate officer; he is no spy; and during all the events of last night he has proven himself a friend rather than an enemy. Only for my sake is he here now."

Ignoring the look upon his face she turned toward me, impetuously waved aside the fellows who yet held me prostrate, and extending her hand lifted me to my feet. For an instant, as if by accident, our eyes met, and a sudden flush swept across her throat and cheeks.

"It is my turn now," she whispered softly, so softly the words did not carry beyond my own ears. Then she stood erect between us, as though in her own drawing room, and gravely presented us to each other, as if she dared either to quarrel longer in her presence.

"Major Brennan, Captain Wayne."

We bowed to each other as men salute on the duelling field. In his eyes I read an unforgiveness, a bitter personal enmity, which I returned with interest, and secretly rejoiced over.

"The lady seems to be in control at present," he said shortly, shoving back the revolver into his belt. "Nevertheless I shall do my military duty, and hold you as a prisoner. May I inquire your full name and rank?"

"Philip Wayne, Captain —th Virginia Cavalry, Shirtley's Brigade."

"Why are you within our lines?"

"I attempted to pass through them last night with despatches, but was prevented by my desire to be of assistance to this lady."

"Indeed?" He smiled incredulously.

"Frank, Don't Do That," She Urged Earnestly.

"Your tale is quite interesting and rather romantic. I presume you yet carry the papers with you as evidence of its truth?"

"If you refer to the despatches, I do not. I sincerely trust they are already safely deposited in the hands of the one for whom they were intended."

A malignant look crept into Brennan's face, and his jaws set ominously.

"You will have to concoct a far better story than that, my friend, before you face Sheridan," he said insolently, "or you will be very apt to learn how a rope feels. He is not inclined to parley long with such fellows as you. Bind his hands, men, and take him out with you into the road."

The two soldiers grasped me instantly at the word of command. For a single moment I braced myself to resist, but even as I did so my eyes fell upon a slight opening in the wall, and I caught a quick glimpse of Bungay's face, his finger to his lips. Even as I gazed in astonishment at this sudden apparition, a lighter touch rested pleadingly on my arm.

"Do not struggle any longer, Captain Wayne," spoke Mrs. Brennan's voice, gently. "I will go to General Sheridan myself, and tell him the entire story."

I bowed to her, and held out my hands to be bound.

"I yield myself your prisoner, madam," I said meaningly, and not unconscious that her glance sank before mine. "I even imagine the bonds may prove not altogether unpleasant."

Brennan strode between us hastily, and with quick gesture to his men.

"Bind the fellow," he said sternly. "And mind you, sir, one word more, and they shall buck you as well. It may be valuable for you to remember that I am in command here, however I may seem to yield to the wish of Mrs. Brennan."

CHAPTER X.

A Woman's Tenderness

Youth is never largely given to reflection, which is the gift of years; and although my life had in a measure rendered me more thoughtful than I might have proven under ordinary conditions, yet it is to be frankly confessed, by one desirous of writing merely the truth, that I generally acted more upon impulse than reason. As I stood forth in the sunlight of that lovely mountain road, my hands securely bound behind my back, the end of the rope held by one of my captors, while his fellow leaned lazily upon his gun and watched us, I thought somewhat deeply over the situation and those peculiar circumstances leading up to it.

Under other conditions I might have felt tempted to enter into conversation with my guards, who, as I now perceived, were far from being the rough banditti I had at first imagined. Judging from their faces and language they were intelligent enough young fellows, such as I had often found in the ranks of the Federal army. But I realized they could aid me little, if any, in the one thing I most desired to know, and even if they could, a sense of delicacy would have caused me to hesitate in asking those personal questions that burned upon my lips. My deep and abiding respect for this woman whom I had so strangely met, and with whom I had attained some degree of intimacy, would never permit of my discussing her, even indirectly, with private soldiers behind the back of their officer. Every sense of honor revolted at such a thought. Not through any curiosity of mine, however justified by the depth of my own feeling, should she be made the subject of idle gossip about the campfire.

For, in truth, at this time, unhappy as my own situation undeniably was,—and as a soldier I realized all its dangers,—I gave it but little consideration. Usually quick of wit, fertile in expedients, ever ready to take advantage of each opportunity, I had taken stock of all my surroundings, yet discovered nowhere the slightest opening for escape. The vigilance of the guard, as well as the thorough manner in which I was bound, rendered any such attempt the merest madness. Realizing this, with the fatalism of a veteran I resigned myself in all patience to what must be.

Then it was that other thoughts came surging upon me in a series of interrogatories, which no knowledge I possessed could possibly answer. Who was this proud, womanly woman who called herself Edith Brennan? She had been at some pains to inform me that she was married, yet there was that about her—her bearing, her manner—which I could not in the least reconcile with that thought. Her extreme youthfulness made me feel it improbable, and the impression remained with me that she intended to make some explanation of her words, when the coming of Bungay interrupted us. How they might be explained I could not imagine; I merely struggled against accepting what I longed to believe untrue. And this man? this Federal major, bearing the same name, whom she called Frank, who was he? What manner of relationship existed between them? In their meeting and short intercourse I had noted several things which told me much—that she feared, respected, valued him, and that he was not only swayed by, but intensely jealous of any rival in, her good opinion. Yet their unexpected meeting was scarcely that of husband and wife. Was he the one she sought in her night ride from one Federal camp to another? If so, was he brother, friend, or husband? What was the bond of union existing between these two? Every word spoken made me fear the last must be the true solution.

Such were some of the queries I silently struggled with, and they were rendered more acute by that deepening interest which I now confessed to myself I was feeling toward her who inspired them. It may be fashionable nowadays to sneer at love, yet certain it is, the rare personality of this Edith Brennan had reached and influenced me in those few hours we had been thrown together as that of no other woman had ever done. Possibly this was so because the long years in camp and field had kept me isolated from all cultured and refined womanhood. This may, indeed, have caused me to be peculiarly susceptible to the beauty and purity of this one. I know not; I am content to give *facts, and leave philosophy to others.* My life has ever been one of action, of intense feeling; and there in the road that day, standing bareheaded in the sun, I was clearly conscious of but one changeless fact, that I loved Edith Brennan with every throb of my heart, and that there was enmity, bitter and unforgiving, between me and the man within who bore her name. Whatever he might be to her I rejoiced to know that he hated me with all the unreasoning hatred of jealousy. I had read it in his eyes, in his words, in his manner; and the memory of its open manifestation caused me to smile, as I hoped for an hour when we should meet alone and face to face. How she regarded him I was unable as yet to tell, but his love for her was plainly apparent in every glance and word.

As I was thus thinking, half in despair and half in hope, the two came out from the house together; and it pleased me to note how immediately her eyes sought for me, and how she lifted her hand to shade them from the glare of the sun, so that she might see more clearly. Her companion appeared to ignore my presence utterly, and gazed anxiously up and down the road as though searching for something.

"Peters," he asked sharply of the fellow on guard, "where are Sergeant Steele and the rest of the squad?"

The soldier addressed saluted in a manner that convinced me he was of the regular service.

"They are resting out of the sun in that clump of bushes down the hill, sir."

Brennan glanced in the direction indicated.

"Very well," he said. "Take your prisoner down there, and tell the Sergeant to press on at once toward the lower road. We shall follow you, and the lady will ride his horse."

The man turned, and with peremptory gesture ordered me forward. As I drew closer to where the two waited beside the open door, I lifted my head proudly, determined that neither should perceive how deeply I felt the humiliation of my position. As I thus passed them, my eyes fixed upon the shining road ahead, my ears caught a word or two of indignant expostulation from her lips.

"But, Frank, it is positively shameful in this sun."

He laughed lightly, yet his answer came to me in all clearness of utterance. I believed he wished me to overhear the words. "Oh, it will only prove of benefit to his brains, if by rare chance he possesses any."

I glanced aside, and saw her turn instantly and face him, her eyes aflame with indignation. "Then I will!"

As she spoke, her voice fairly trembling with intense feeling, she stepped backward out of sight into the house.

Another instant and she reappeared, sweeping past him without so much as a word, and bearing in her hand my old campaign hat, came directly up to us.

"Sentry," she said in her old imperious manner, "I desire to place this hat on the head of your prisoner."

The fellow glanced uneasily over his shoulder at the seemingly unconscious officer, not knowing whether it were better to permit the act or not, but she waited for no permission.

"Captain Wayne," she said, her voice grown kindly in a moment, and her eyes frankly meeting mine, "you will pardon such liberty, I am sure, but it is not right that you should be compelled to march uncovered in this sun."

She placed the hat in position, asking as she did so:

"Does that feel comfortable?"

"The memory of your thoughtfulness," I replied warmly, bowing as best I might, "will make the march *pleasant, no matter what its end may* mean to me."

Her eyes darkened with sudden emotion.

"Do not deem me wholly ungrateful," she said quickly and in a low tone. "The conditions are such that I am utterly helpless now to aid you. Major Brennan is a man not to be lightly disobeyed, but I shall tell my story to General Sheridan so soon as we reach his camp."

I would have spoken again, but at this moment Brennan came striding toward us.

"Come, Edith," he cried, almost roughly, "this foolishness has surely gone far enough. Peters, what are you waiting here for? I told you to take your prisoner down the road."

A few moments later, the centre of a little squad of heavily armed men, I was tramping along the rocky pathway, and when once I attempted to glance back to discover if the others followed us, the sergeant advised me, with an oath, to keep my eyes to the front. I obeyed him.

It must have been nearly the end of the afternoon. We had certainly traversed several miles, and were then moving almost directly south upon a well-defined pike, the name of which I never knew. All the party were traveling close together, when the scout, who throughout the day had been kept a few hundred yards in advance, came back toward us on a run, his hand flung up in an urgent warning to halt.

"What is it, Steele?" Brennan questioned, spurring forward to meet him. "Come, speak up, man!"

"A squad of cavalry has just swung onto the pike, sir, from the dirt road that leads toward the White Briar," was the soldier's panting reply. "And I could get a glimpse through the trees down the valley, and there's a heavy infantry column just behind them. They're Rebs, sir, or I don't know them."

"Rebs?" with an incredulous laugh. "Why, man, we've got the only Reb here who is east of the Briar."

"Well," returned the scout, sullenly, "they're coming from the west, and I know they ain't our fellows."

"I Desire to Place This Hat on the Head of Your Prisoner."

He was too old a soldier to have his judgment doubted, and he was evidently convinced. Brennan glanced quickly about. However he may have sneered at the report, he was not rash enough to chance so grave a mistake.

"Get back into those rocks there on the right," he commanded sharply. "Hustle your prisoner along lively, men, and one of you stand over him with a cocked gun if he so much as opens his mouth, let him have it."

Rapidly as we moved, we were scarcely all under cover before the advance cavalry guard came in sight, the light fringe of troopers, dust-begrimed and weary, resting heavily in their saddles, and apparently thoughtless as to any possibility of meeting with the enemy. There were not more than a troop of them all told, yet their short gray jackets and wide-brimmed light hats instantly told the story of their service. Their rear rank was yet in sight when we heard the heavy tread of the approaching column, together with the dull tinkle of steel which always accompanies marching troops. Peering forth as much as I dared from behind the thick brush where I had been roughly thrown face downward, I saw the head of that solid, sturdy column swing around the sharp bend in the road, and in double front, sprending from rock to rock, come sweeping down toward us.

File upon file, company after company, regiment following regiment, they swung sternly by. Scarcely so much as a word reached us, excepting now and then some briefly muttered command to close up, or a half inaudible curse as a shuffling foot stumbled. I could distinguish no badge, no insignia of either corps or division; the circling dust enveloped them in a choking, disfiguring cloud. But they were Confederates! I marked them well; here and there along the toiling ranks I even noted a familiar face, and there could be no mistaking the gaunt North Carolina mountaineer, the sallow Georgian, or the jaunty Louisiana creole. They were Confederates—Packer's Division of Hill's corps, I could have almost sworn—east-bound on forced march, and I doubted not that each cross-road to left and right of us would likewise show its hurrying gray column, sturdily pressing forward. The veteran fighting men of the left wing of the Army of Northern Virginia were boldly pushing eastward to keep their tryst with Lee. The despatch intrusted to my care had been borne safely to Longstreet.

The keen joy of it lighted up my face, and Brennan turning toward me as the last limping straggler disappeared over the ridge, saw it, and grew white with anger.

"You Rebel cur!" he cried fiercely, in his sudden outburst of passion, "what does all this mean? Where is that division bound?"

"Some change in Longstreet's front, I should judge," I answered coolly, too happy even to note his slur.

"You know better," he retorted hotly. "The way those fellows march tells plainly enough that they have covered all of fifteen miles since daybreak. It is a general movement, and, by Heaven! you shall answer Sheridan, even if you won't me."

CHAPTER XI.

In the Presence of Sheridan.

It had been dark for nearly an hour before we entered what was from all appearances a large and populous camp. No sooner was I thrust into the unknown darkness of a hut by the not unkindly sergeant, than I threw myself prone on the floor, and was sound asleep before the door had fairly closed behind him.

My rest was not destined to be a long one. It seemed I had barely closed my eyes when a rough hand shook me again into consciousness. The flaming glare of an uplifted pine-knot flung its radiance over half-a-dozen figures grouped in the open doorway. A corporal, with a white chin beard, was bending over me.

"Come, Johnny," he said tersely, "get up— you're wanted."

The instinct of soldierly obedience in which I had been so long trained caused me to grope my way to my feet.

"What time is it, Corporal?" I asked sleepily.

"After midnight."

"Who wishes me?"

"Headquarters," he returned brusquely. "Come, move on. Fall in, men."

Our march was a short one, and we soon turned abruptly in at a wide-open gateway. High pillars of brick stood upon either hand; and the passage was well lighted by a brightly blazing fire of logs. Two sentries stood there, and our party passed between them without uttering a word. As we moved beyond the radiance I noted a little knot of cavalrymen silently sitting their horses in the shadow of the high wall. A wide gravelled walk, bordered, I thought, with flowers, led toward the front door of a commodious house built after the colonial type. The lower story seemed fairly ablaze with lights, and at the head of the steps as we ascended a young officer came quickly forward.

"Is this the prisoner brought in tonight?"

The corporal pushed me forward.

"This is the man, sir."

"Very well; hold your command here until I send other orders."

He rested one hand, not unkindly, upon my arm, and his tone instantly changed from that of command to generous courtesy.

"You will accompany me, and permit me to advise you, for your own

sake, to be as civil as possible in your answers tonight, for the 'old man' is in one of his tantrums."

We crossed the rather dimly lighted hall, which had a sentry posted at either end of it, and then my conductor threw open a side door, and silently motioned for me to enter in advance of him. It was as spacious room, elegant in all its appointments, but my hasty glance revealed only three occupants. Sitting at a handsomely polished mahogany writing-table near the centre of the apartment was a short, stoutly built man, with straggly beard and fierce, stern eyes. I recognized him at once, although he wore neither uniform nor other insignia of rank. Close beside him stood a colonel of engineers, possibly his chief of staff, while to the right, leaning negligently with one arm on the mantelshelf above the fire place, and smiling insolently at me, was Brennan.

The sight of him stiffened me like a drink of brandy, and as the young aide closed the door in my rear, I stepped instantly forward to the table, facing him who I knew must be in command, and removing my hat, saluted.

"This is the prisoner you sent for, sir," announced the aide.

The officer, who remained seated, looked at me intently.

"Have I ever met you before?" he questioned, as though doubting his memory.

"Yes, General Sheridan," I replied. "I was with General Early during your conference at White Horse Tavern. I also bore a flag to you after the cavalry skirmish at Wilson's Ford."

"I remember," shortly, and as he spoke he wheeled in his chair to face Brennan.

"I thought you reported this officer as a spy?" he said sternly. "He is in uniform, and doubtless told you his name and rank."

"I certainly had every reason to believe he penetrated our lines in disguise," was the instant reply. "This cavalry cloak was found with him, and consequently I naturally supposed his claim of rank to be false."

Sheridan looked annoyed, yet turned back to me without administering the sharp rebuke which seemed burning upon his lips.

"Were you wearing that cavalry cloak within our lines?" he questioned sternly.

"I was not, sir; it was indeed lying upon the floor of the hut when Major Brennan entered, but I had nothing to do with it."

He gazed at me searchingly for a moment in silence.

"I regret we have treated you with so little consideration," he said apologetically, "but you were supposed to be merely a spy. May I ask your name and rank?"

"Captain Wayne, —th Virginia Cavalry."

"Why were you within our lines?"

"I was passing through them with despatches."

"For whom?"

"You certainly realize that I must decline to answer."

"Major Brennan," he asked, turning aside again, "was this officer searched by your party?"

"He was, sir, but no papers were found. He stated to me later that his despatch was verbal."

"Had it been delivered?"

"I so understood him."

"Well, how did he account to you for being where he was found?"

Brennan hesitated, and glanced uneasily toward me. Like a flash the thought came that the man was striving to keep her name entirely out of sight; he did not wish her presence mentioned.

"There was no explanation attempted," he said finally. "He seemed simply to be hiding there."

"Alone?"

Again I caught his eyes, and it almost seemed that I read entreaty in them.

"Excepting the wife of the mountaineer," he answered hoarsely.

"Is this true?" asked Sheridan, his stern face fronting me.

I made my decision instantly. There might be some reason, possibly her own request, whereby her being alone with me that night should remain untold. Very well, it would never be borne to other ears through any failure of my lips to guard the secret. She had voluntarily pledged herself to go to Sheridan in my defense; until she did so, her secret, if secret indeed it was, should remain safe with me. I could do no less in honor.

"It is not altogether true," I said firmly, "and no one knows this better than Major Brennan. I was there, as I told him, wholly because of an accident upon the road.

"Come Jonnay," He Said Tersely, "Get Up—You're Wanted."

"But as to its particulars I must most respectfully decline to answer."

"You realize what such a refusal may mean to you?"

"I understand fully the construction which may unjustly be placed upon it by those who desire to condemn me, but at present I can make no more definite reply. I have reason to believe the full facts will be presented to you by one in whose word you will have confidence."

Sheridan straightened in his chair, and looked across the table at me almost angrily.

"Very well, sir," he said gravely. "Your fate is in your own hands, and will depend very largely upon your replies to my questions. You claim to have been the bearer of despatches, and hence no spy, yet you possess nothing to substantiate your claim. As your regiment is with Lee, I presume you were seeking Longstreet. Were your despatches delivered?"

"I have reason to belive so."

"By yourself?"

"By the sergeant who accompanied me, and who continued the journey after I was detained."

"Is Lee contemplating an immediate movement?"

"General Sheridan," I exclaimed indignantly, "you must surely forget that I am an officer of the Confederate Army. You certainly have no reason to expect that I will so far disregard my obvious duty as to answer such a question."

"Your refusal to explain why you were riding within our lines is ample reason for my insistence," he said tartly, "and I am not accustomed to treating spies with any great consideration, even when they claim Rebel commissions. You are not the first to seek escape in that way. Was your despatch the cause of the hurried departure of Longstreet's troops eastward?"

This last question was hurled directly at me, and I noticed that every eye in the room was eagerly scanning my face. I had the quick, fiery temper of a boy then, and my cheeks flushed.

"I positively decline to answer one word relative to the despatches intrusted to me," I said deliberately, and my voice shook with sudden rush of anger. "And no officer who did not dishonor the uniform he wore would insult me with the question."

A bombshell exploding in the room could not have astonished them as did my answer. I realized to the full the probable result, but my spirit was high, and I felt the utter uselessness of prolonging the interview. Sooner or later the same end must come.

Sheridan's face naturally flushed, instantly grew crimson, and a dangerous light flamed into his fierce eyes. For a moment he seemed unable to speak; then he thundered forth;

"You young fool! I can tell you that you will speak before another twenty-four hours, or I'll hang you for a spy if it cost me my command. Major Brennan, take this young popinjay to the Mansion House under guard."

Brennan stepped forward, smiling as if he enjoyed the part assigned to him.

"Come on, you Johnny," he said coarsely, his hand closing heavily on my arm. Then, seeming unable to repress his pleasure at the ending of the interview, and his present sense of power, he bent lower, so that his insolent words should not reach the others, and hissed hotly:

"Stealing women is probably more in your line than this."

"You miserable hound!" I cried madly. "None but a coward would taunt a helpless prisoner. I only hope I may yet be free long enough to write the lie with steel across your heart."

Before he could move Sheridan was upon his feet and between us.

"Back, both of you!" he ordered sharply. "There shall be no brawling here. Major Brennan, you will remain; I would speak with you further regarding this matter. Lieutenant Caton, take charge of the prisoner."

CHAPTER XII.

Under Sentence of Death.

At this late date I doubt greatly if my situation at that time was so desperate as I then conceived it. I question now whether the death sentence would ever have been executed. But then, with the memory of Sheridan's rage and my own hot-headed retort, I fully believed my fate was destined to be that of the condemned spy, unless she who alone might tell the whole truth should voluntarily do so. That circumstances had left me in the power of one whose fierce dislike was already evident was beyond question, and I had yielded to his goading to such an extent as to give those in authority every excuse for the exercise of extreme military power. Yet of one thing I was firmly resolved—no thoughtless word of mine should ever endanger the reputation of Edith Brennan. Right or wrong, I would go to a death of dishonor before I would speak without her authority. Love and pride conspired to make this decision adamant.

"Come," said Caton, briefly, and I turned and accompanied him without thought of resistance. At the front door he ordered the little squad of waiting soldiers to fall in, and taking me by the arm, led the way down the gravelled path to the road. I was impressed by his seeming carelessness, but as we cleared the gateway he spoke, and his words helped me to comprehend.

"Captain Wayne," he said quietly, so that the words could not be overheard, "you do not recognize me, but I was the officer who conducted you to headquarters when you brought the flag in at Wilson Creek. Of course I must perform the duty given me, but I wish you to understand that I wholly believe your word."

He stopped, extended his hand, and I accepted it silently.

"There must be some grave personal reason which seals your lips?" he questioned.

"There is."

"I thought as much. I chanced to overhear the words, or rather a portion of them, which Brennan whispered, and have no doubt if they were explained to the General he would feel more kindly disposed toward you."

It was asked as a question, and I felt obliged to reply.

"I appreciate deeply your desire to aid me, but there are circumstances involving others which compel me for the present to silence. Indeed my possible fate does not so greatly trouble me, only that I possess a strong desire to have freedom long enough to cross swords with this major of yours. The quarrel between us has become bitterly personal, and I hunger for a chance to have it out. Do you know, is he a man who would fight?"

The young fellow stiffened slightly.

"We are serving upon the same staff," he said more absently, "and while we have never been close friends, yet I cannot honorably take sides against him. He has been out twice within the last three years to my knowledge, and is not devoid either of courage or skill. Possibly, however, the arrival of his wife may make him less a fire-eater."

"His wife?"

I stopped so suddenly that he involuntarily tightened his grip upon my arm as though suspicious of an attempt to escape.

"Do you," I asked, gaining some slight control over myself, "refer to the lady who came in with his party last evening?"

"Most certainly; she was presented to all of us as Mrs. Brennan, she has been assigned rooms at his quarters, and she wears a wedding-ring. Far too fine a woman in my judgment for such a master, but then that is not so uncommon a mistake in marriage. Why, come to think about it, you must have met her yourself. Have you reason to suspect this is not their relationship?"

"Not in the least," I hastened to answer, fearful lest my thoughtless exclamation might become the basis for camp gossip. "Indeed I was scarcely in the lady's presence at all coming in, as I was left in charge of the sergeant."

Perhaps he felt that he had already said too much, for we tramped on in silence until we drew near a large, square white building standing directly beside the road.

"This is the old Culverton tavern, known as the Mansion House," he said. "It is a tremendous big building for this country, with as fine a ballroom in it as I have seen since leaving New York. We utilize it for almost every military purpose, and among others some of the strong rooms in the basement are found valuable for the safe-keeping of important prisoners."

We mounted the front steps as he was speaking, passing through a cordon of guards, and in the wide hallway I was turned over to the officer in charge.

"Good-night, Captain," said Caton, kindly extending his hand. "You may rest assured that I shall say all I can in your favor, but it is to be regretted that Brennan has great influence just now at headquarters, and Sheridan is not a man to lightly overlook those hasty words you spoke to him."

I could only thank him most warmly for his interest, realizing fully from his grave manner my desperate situation, and follow my silent conductor down some narrow and steep stairs until we stood upon the cemented floor of the basement. Here a heavy door in the stone division wall was opened; I was pushed forward into the dense darkness within, and the lock clicked dully behind me. So thick was the wall I could not even distinguish the retreating steps of the jailer.

Tired as I was from the intense strain of the past thirty-six hours, even my anxious thoughts were insufficient to keep me awake. Feeling my way cautiously along the wall, I came at last to a wide wooden bench, and stretching my form at full length upon it, pillowed my head on one arm, and almost instantly was sound asleep.

When I awoke, sore from my hard bed and stiffened by the uncomfortable position in which I lay, it was broad daylight. That the morning was, indeed, well advanced I knew from the single ray of sunlight which streamed in through a grated window high up in the wall opposite me and fell like a bar of gold across the rough stone floor. I was alone. Even in the dark of the previous night I had discovered the sole pretence to furniture in the place. The room itself proved to be a large and almost square apartment, probably during the ordinary occupancy of the house a receptacle for wood or garden produce, but now peculiarly well adapted to the safeguarding of prisoners.

The solid stone walls were of sufficient height to afford no chance of reaching the great oak girders that supported the floor above, even had the doing so offered a favorable opening for escape. There were, apparently, but three openings of any kind,—the outside window through which the sunlight streamed, protected by thick bars of iron; a second opening, quite narrow, and likewise protected by a heavy metal grating; and the tightly locked door by means of which I had entered. The second, I soon decided, after inspecting it closely, was a mere air passage leading into some other division of the cellar. I noted these openings idly, and with scarcely a thought as to the possibility of escape. I had awakened with strange indifference as to what my fate might be. Such a feeling was not natural to me, but the fierce emotions of the preceding night had seemingly robbed me of all my usual buoyancy of hope. In one sense I yet trusted that Mrs. Brennan would keep her pledge and tell her story to Sheridan; even if she failed to do this, and left me to face the rifles or the rope, then it made but small odds how soon it should be over. If she cared for me in the slightest degree she would not let me die unjustly, and to my mind then she had become the centre of all life.

Despondency is largely a matter of physical condition, and I was still sufficiently fagged to be in the depths, when the door opened suddenly, and an ordinary army ration was placed within. The soldier who brought it did not speak, nor did I attempt to address him; but after he retired, the appetizing smell of the bacon, together with the unmistakable flavor of real coffee, drew me irresistibly that way, and I made a hearty meal. The food put new life into me, and I fell to pacing back and forth between the corners of the cell, my mind full of questioning, yet with a fresh measure of confidence that all would still be well.

I was yet at it when, without warning, the door once again opened, and Lieutenant Caton entered. He advanced toward me with outstretched hand, which I grasped warmly, for I felt how much depended on his friendship, and resolved to ask him some questions which should solve my last remaining doubts.

"Captain Wayne," he began soberly, looking about him, "you are in even worse stress here than I supposed, but I shall see to it that you are furnished with blankets before I leave. Sheridan is hasty himself, and his temper often leads him to rash language. I am sure he bears you no malice for what you said. But Brennan has his ear, and has whispered something to him in confidence—what, I have been unable to ascertain—which has convinced him that you are deserving of death under martial law."

"Without trial?"

"The opportunity of furnishing the information desired will be again offered you; but, as near as I can learn, the charge preferred against you is of such a private nature that it is deemed best not to make it matter for camp talk. Whatever it may be, Sheridan evidently feels justified in taking the case out from the usual channels, and in using most drastic measures. I am sorry to bring you such news, especially as I believe the charges are largely concocted in the brain of him who makes them, and have but the thinnest circumstantial evidence to sustain them. Yet Sheridan is thoroughly convinced, and will brook no interference. The discussion of the case has already led to his using extremely harsh words to his chief of staff."

"I am to be shot, then?"

His hand closed warmly over mine. "While there is life there is always hope," he answered. "Surely it must be in your power to prove the nature of your mission within our lines, and the delay thus gained will enable us to learn and meet these more serious allegations."

"If I but had time to communicate with General Lee."

"But now—is there no one, no way by which such representation can be given this very day? If not full proof of your innocence, then sufficient, at least, to cause the necessary delay?"

I shook my head. "I know of nothing other than my own unsupported word," I answered shortly, "and that is evidently of no value as against Major Brennan's secret insinuations. When is the hour set?"

"I am not positive that final decision has yet been reached, but I heard daybreak to-morrow mentioned. The probability of an early movement of our troops is the excuse urged for such unseemly haste."

I remained silent for a moment, conscious only of his kindly eyes reading my face.

"Mrs. Brennan," I asked finally, recurring to the one thought in which I retained deep interest,—"does she still remain in the camp?"

"She was with the Major at headquarters this morning. I believe they breakfasted with the General, but I was on duty so late last night that I overslept, and thus missed the pleasure of meeting her again."

We talked for some time longer, and he continued to urge me for some further word, but I could give him none, and finally the kindly fellow departed, promising to see me again within a few hours. Greatly as I now valued his friendship, it was, nevertheless, a relief to be alone with my thoughts once more.

(Continued next week.)

Out of the Ordinary.

An M. P. was discussing voting frauds—impersonation and the duplication of votes generally. He instanced one duplicator, an ignorant fellow who had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal.

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door.

"'You are charged,' said the policeman, 'with having voted twice.'

"'Charged, am I?' muttered the prisoner. 'That's odd. I expected to be paid for it.'"—Watchdog, London.

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SAVED BY DOG.

Animal Notifies Rixford Man When Building Burns.

The fire which destroyed the grocery store of Crone & Williams at Rixford early yesterday morning, notice of which appeared in a late edition of the Era, started about 3 o'clock and had made such headway that it was impossible to save anything except some of the books and papers

C A Williams, one of the proprietors of the business place, had a narrow escape from being burned to death, he gives his dog credit for saving his life. He is somewhat deaf and did not hear the crackling of the flames, nor the barking of the dog but the animal with extraordinary intelligence tugged away at the bed clothing In this manner he succeeded in arousing his master Mr. Williams was slightly burned in trying to save his books

As soon as the alarm was given a volunteer fire brigade was organized and it did excellent work in saving adjoining porperty

The two story building in which the store was located was owned by E. M Park The insurance will cover the loss on the building The loss to Crone & Williams is estimated at $5,000 on stock and fixtures It is said that there was no insurance Friday's Bradford Era.

IS BEST MOOSE SHOT

PENOBSCOT INDIAN OF MAINE SURPASSES WHITE MAN.

Fleet-Footed Woodsman Follows the Animal for Days Across the Country Until He Tires and Kills It.

While the Penobscot or Tarratine Indian is not considered the equal of the expert white man as a rifle shot, he is the best moose shot in the woods This sinewy, fleetfooted woodsman is fond of picking up a moose trail just after a light snow has fallen. Then, in light marching order he will follow the animal across the country until he tires him out or kills him The process frequently takes from three to four days, and it is possible only to the hardiest of pursuers

When first jumped a moose will make off through the woods with the speed of an express train If it is early in the season and there has been but a light fall of snow the traveling is good and it is a simple matter to follow the trail At length the animal confident of having thrown off his pursuers will gradually slacken its pace and stop But it is often again immediately upon hearing the first sound or upon the presence of those who are following

It is said that Indian runners can tire out moose in the long run and the Indian will at length approach near enough to shoot He can burden himself with but little in the way of camp outfit however and then a few days supply of food and a blanket is all that he carries besides his rifle

This method of killing moose is regarded by many as being the most sportsmanlike Surely it requires endurance and determination as well as woodcraft and the man who has procured a head in this fashion has done something which would be impossible for the average sportsman

No white man, no matter how expert, can ever quite equal an Indian in following a trail or in a canoe The Indians seem to possess an aptitude in the handling of these frail craft which has come down to them through a long line of forebears

However, few birch canoes, are made nowadays Tough winter bark is used in their construction, and with the encroachments of civilization it is becoming more and more expensive each year to get it A high grade birch canoe will outclass three which are covered with canvas and a few are still built to order every year on Indian Island, Me They are much heavier than the canvas canoes, however, and for long trips where there are frequent carries, most people prefer the canvas covered craft.

The Touch of Nature.

He was what a little boy we once knew used to call a "growly man" He didn't look as if he could love a wife or a baby or a dog or a cat, or even himself very much We saw him coming and we began to feel ruffled and ugly and cross "That's the sort of man", soliloquized we, "who ought to have a brick thrown at him a couple of times a week"

It was a busy part of town, near the city hall, but in the street, complacently threading their way through the traffic, and on the sidewalk, in danger of being downtrodden by the clumsy feet of the growly man minced and strutted and coquetted a flock of jewel hued pigeons

"Better look out, squabs," we thought 'He looks as though he'd rather enjoy stepping on you"

And then the growly man reached into his pocket, brought out a handful of something that looked like stale bread, crumbled it a bit, tossed it to the birds and passed on

Then we made up our mind that growly is as growly does and next time we won't judge so quickly.

CRIMINAL TRIALS IN ITALY

System There, Though Simple, Differs Radically From That In This Country.

The reports in American papers of the trial of the Camorrists at Viterbo have made many people wonder if there is any system at all about criminal trials, and if there is, what the system is like There is a system, and a very simple one it is, though utterly different from that which governs procedure in American or English courts, says an exchange

The trial takes place before three judges and a jury, to which are added a certain number of extra jurors who are sworn and are present in court to hear the testimony and are held ready to take the place in the jury box of any juror who may in the course of the trial be incapacitated from further service The depositions of all the witnesses have been taken in writing and signed before the trial begins Each of the judges has a copy of these before him The prosecutor and the counsel for the accused furnish to the court a list of the witnesses they desire called, and these are summoned all by the court, which has power to punish nonattendance

The first thing that happens when the trial begins is the questioning of the accused by the presiding justice In Italy, as in most of continental Europe, a man accused of a crime is considered by the law to be the very best witness to his own guilt or innocence In England and America the accused need not testify unless he choose In Italy he is the first and most important witness

The accused is allowed the widest scope in defending himself He has a right to tell his own story in his own way, to offer anything he can in the way of justification or palliation; even hearsay evidence is admissible. The judge has absolute discretion as to what testimony may be received and what excluded, and any judge who exercised this discretion unfairly would be an object of execration. Bias on the part of one judge is possible, but there are always the other two judges on the bench with him, and they are a perfect check against unfairness

When the accused has given his testimony he is confronted personally with his accuser The accuser is necessarily the principal witness against him Strictly speaking, the prisoner has no right to interrupt his accuser, while the latter is telling his story, but in practice the judges permit it, and the confrontation sometimes becomes a three cornered debate between accuser, accused and judge the latter giving the accused the widest leeway to demonstrate his innocence —Case and Comment

Price of Damnation.

Judge Hiram C Flack of West Liberty said the other day speaking of the notorious disfranchised vote sellers of his native Ohio

'Some of these men I understand even claimed they did not know it was wrong to sell one's vote They were worse than the voters of Cishel

'All the voters of Cishel used to sell their votes and a reform candidate once got the preachers of the town to preach against the sin of such scandalous conduct

The day after the sermons the reform candidate said to a party leader

'Well, how will the election go?

It will be close and difficult and expensive sir,' was the reply

What do you mean" said the candidate

Well,' said the party leader, 'the boys didn't understand that vote selling was a sin before and they always let their votes go at two dollars apiece, but now they know eternal perdition is awaiting them I understand that every man jack of them has put up his price to four dollars'"—Reboboth Sunday Herald

The Cholera Suspect.

We are taking precautions against cholera At Montpelier recently it was thought there was a well-defined case of Asiatic cholera The mayor at once took all precautions authorized by law Two days later a man was brought to the hospital as a suspect The hospital interns, as he came near to the patient, quickly drew back, saying, "How you smell of rum!"

The answer came with a drunken grin "Certainly, I have drank a good deal of rum. It's excellent against the cholera."

The interne allowed him to remain during the night. In the morning the drunkard left entirely cured An hour later he returned "You'll have to take care of me here. My house has been closed and is guarded by four gendarmes for seven days, allowing no one to go in or come out If you don't take me in as a patient I shall be arrested for vagabondage."—From Le Cri de Paris

His Reward.

"It's an unsatisfactory, disappointing kind of world," said the old soldier "I fought four years for the Union I was in sixteen battles, including Antietam, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg and the Wilderness. I was wounded twice and spent four months in Andersonville I tramped hundreds of miles in the dust and the mud and the snow I got rheumatism from sleeping in the wet and I almost died with typhoid I lived two days on three pieces of hardtack, and ate salt pork that wasn't fit for a dog

"I enlisted as a corporal and came out of the war a private and then then spelled my name wrong on my discharge papers"—Puck.

LEARN OF OSPREYS' HABITS

Ornithologists Gather Knowledge From Visits of Birds to Islands Near New York.

A great colony of ospreys, or fish hawks, built their nests at one time upon the property of various owners of land on an island near New York, a circumstance that enabled ornithologists to gather some interesting data with respect to the breeding habits of this bird

One osprey's nest was built upon a pile of old fence rails, only seven or eight feet from the ground It had been added to annually until its bulk of sticks, sea weed and the like amounted to something like three cartloads Two other nests were built in cedar trees These, too, had been occupied every year for many seasons, and had been increased by the addition of fresh material until they filled the whole upper parts of the trees

In the wooded parts of the island the nests were very numerous The larger trees in the interior of the wood were all occupied, and on the edge of the wood every tree, large or small, had at least one nest, and some of them two or three On the sandy plain beyond the woods a hundred or more nests were built on the ground and on the north shore where the beach was strewn with boulders almost every one of the larger rocks had a nest on it

When one investigator approached some of the nests the older birds flew silently away and did not return until all was quiet In other cases the hawks were noisy, and even showed fight, darting down at the visitor's head and striking out with their talons

These birds, however, would return to their eggs when the caller remained quiet, though he might be only fifty feet away

One nest was seen to contain an old broken ax, a bootjack and a straw hat. Of the variety of materials wrought into the different structures the following is a brief list: Barrel staves, barrel heads and hoops, the tiller of a boat, a small rudder and parts of life preservers, brooms, an old plane, a feather duster, a blacking brush, part of a hay rake, a rubber boot, several pairs of shoes a pair of trousers a long fishing line with hooks and sinkers wound on a board, bottles, tin cans, a door mat and a rag doll

In the interstices of many of the larger structures smaller birds had built their nests, well protected from the weather The grackles were especially given to doing this, and were very bold in collecting fragments from the fishhawks' tables—Harper's Weekly.

Walking for Heart Ailment.

The chief statistician of the health department of New York says overeating, lack of exercise and the constant use of automobiles have increased the deaths from heart disease 160 per cent in the past 40 years Between the ages of 35 and 45 the increase has been only 61 per cent but between 55 and 65 the increase has been 240 per cent

The doctor says the automobile is, in part, to blame for this, because it keeps men from walking. He thinks walking is the best preventive of heart trouble

'The legs and arms were made to use," he says, and especially after a meal The habit of most men who do not work to lie down after eating, or take a big chair and lounge Resting makes them lazy The stomach and the heart are closely related, and a full stomach strikes directly at the heart, especially if the person is running along the three score line, somewhere

So the lesson is, walk; walk courageously; walk a great deal, and do a little deep breathing, while you are at it, and then, if heart trouble comes, you can't help it; you have done your best to treat the heart kindly —Ohio State Journal

Pure Air In London Tubes.

The objection to underground travel in London—that the air is impure and often stifling—will soon be overcome if the plans and promises of the Central Railway company are carried out. These plans include a system of ventilation capable of pumping daily 80,000,000 cubic feet of ozonized air into the tubes and tunnels of the company. One plant is already in operation and an official of the company states that it will pump 400,000 cubic feet of pure air per hour into the station, or at the rate of 900 cubic feet per person

The air is drawn from outside through a filter screen, which removes dust and dirt and impure gases. A part of the air is then highly ozonized by being passed over highly electrified plates, the proportion of ozone in the whole being one part in 10,000,000 The air is driven by fans to the level of the bottom of the station, and two-thirds of it is distributed over the platforms by ducts, with outlets at a height of seven feet above the platform The remainder is driven into the tunnel.

As He Saw It.

Senator John Sharp Williams tells of an aged preacher in Mississippi who was asked what he thought of his two sons, both preachers, too

"Well, sur," replied the old man, "George has a better show in his shop winder dan John; but den John he's got a larger stock in his warehouse."

Exceptions.

"The pass system has been generally abolished, hasn't it?"

"Not so generally The corporation I've invested in has not abolished it about their dividends"

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS.

E. L. Parry of Kasson was a visitor in town yesterday and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Mrs H H Redfield and Mrs W E Van Dkye are visiting in Buffalo this week

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE of writs of Fieri Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County Pa and to me directed I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport on

MONDAY FEBRUARY 20 1911

at 1 o'clock p m the following described pieces of property

1

Defendant's interest in all that certain lease hold estate situate in Hamilton Township McKean County and State of Pennsylvania bounded substantially as follows On the north by lands of Frank Morrison on the east by lands of H & C Coe on the south by lands of Lot number ninety two (92) on the west by lands of Andrew Little and Frank Morrison containing fifty three (50 ½) more or less being the same leasehold estate which was granted by South Penn Oil Company to Alton F Lee by lease dated November 16 1905 and recorded in the Recorders Office of McKean County, Pa in Deed Book Lease Book 27 &c

Together with eight horse power gas engine 1 oil wells 2128 machinery, tubing, casing, storage tanks and water lines, tankage, fittings connections and appurtenances now situated thereon and the same leasing

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of F W Wickes et al suits of F Brookside

K A Krantz Plaintiff's Atty

2

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania part of Warrant No 210 being lot No 82 Welsh Street bounded and described as follows Beginning at a point on the east line of Welsh street one hundred twenty five (125) feet northward of the northeast corner of Welsh and Jaques streets said post marking the northwest corner of land of Erikson thence along the east line of said Welsh street north twenty degrees west forty feet (N 20 degrees W 40 ft) to a post, thence along the south line of an alley north seventy degrees east one hundred feet (N 70 degrees E 100 ft) to a post thence south twenty degrees east forty feet (S 20 degrees E 40 ft) to a post thence along the north line of Dennis and Erikson south seventy degrees west one hundred feet (S 70 degrees W 100 ft) to the place of beginning Containing four thousand square feet 4000 square feet of land more or less together with one two story frame dwelling house and several outbuildings

The same as described being the same premises conveyed by Edgar B Bond to J Warren Groves and Cecil C Groves by deed dated April 10th 1911 and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean County in Deed Book Vol No 116 page 149, &c

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J Warren Groves and Cecil C Groves at suit of Mutual Guarantee Building & Loan Association a Corporation

H G Berkhouse Plaintiff's Atty

7

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No 210 being lot No 49 Hacker Street bounded and described as follows Beginning at a post in the west line of Hacker Street, two hundred fifty feet north of the north west corner of Hacker and Haines streets, being the northeast corner of Lot No 61 thence by said Lot No 61 south seventy degrees west one hundred feet to a post thence north twenty degrees west fifty feet to a post thence north seventy degrees east one hundred feet to a post thence by the west line of Hacker street fifty feet to the center line thereof, south twenty degrees east fifty feet to the place of beginning containing 5000 square feet of land more or less together with one two story frame dwelling house and outbuildings

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Mrs Annie Moulson at suit of H H Clyson

H J Campbell Plaintiff's Atty

8

Defendant's interest in all those two certain lots or parcels of land situate lying and being in the Township of Pleasant County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows to wit

1st BEGINNING at a point in the public road being the northeast corner of Lot sold by Wm K King to the School District of Eldred Township said point being also the northwest corner of the public road 71 degrees east 985 rods to a post thence south 17 rods to the north line of Pennsylvania Railroad Lands thence by said railroad line westerly to the south west corner of said house lot aforesaid thence by said line of said Lot north 17.2 rods to place of beginning containing one acre and one hundred and sixty two (162) square feet of land more or less together with the water rights in a spring on lands of Mary Keeney as reserved to said Willard Gilbert by deed recorded in Deed Book Vol 2 page 1 &c

2nd BEGINNING at a post on the north side of the public road being the southwest corner of Lot No 1 Survey No 6210 on Bailey Street in the said Borough, and being the southeast corner of the lot hereby described, thence by said Bailey Street westerly 8 rods to the east line of Lot No 2 on said Bailey Street, thence by said line of Lot No 2 north 17 rods to the north line of said Lot No 1, thence by said line of Lot No 1 east 8 rods to the west line of Lot No 3, thence by said line of Lot No 3 south 17 rods to the place of beginning containing one hundred square rods more or less

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J Warren Groves and Cecil C Groves at suit of Mutual Guarantee Building & Loan Association a Corporation

H G Berkhouse Plaintiff's Atty

9

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No 210 being lot No 49 Hacker Street bounded and described as follows Beginning at a post in the west line of Hacker Street, two hundred fifty feet north of the north west corner of Hacker and Haines streets, being the northeast corner of Lot No 61 thence by said Lot No 61 south seventy degrees west one hundred feet to a post thence north twenty degrees west fifty feet to a post thence north seventy degrees east one hundred feet to a post thence by the west line of Hacker street fifty feet to the center line thereof south twenty degrees east fifty feet to the place of beginning containing 5000 square feet of land more or less together with one two story frame dwelling house and outbuildings

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J Warren Groves and Cecil C Groves at suit of Mutual Guarantee Building & Loan Association a Corporation

H G Berkhouse Plaintiff's Atty

10

Defendant's interest in all those certain lots or parcels of land situate in the Township of Pleasant County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows to wit

1st BEGINNING at a point in the public road being the northeast corner of Lot sold by Wm K King to the School District of Eldred Township said point being also the northwest corner of the public road 71 degrees east 985 rods to a post thence south 17 rods to the north line of Pennsylvania Railroad Lands thence by said railroad line westerly to the southwest corner of said house lot aforesaid thence by said line of said Lot north 17.2 rods to place of beginning containing one acre and one hundred and sixty two (162) square feet of land more or less together with the water rights in a spring on lands of Mary Keeney as reserved to said Willard Gilbert by deed recorded in Deed Book Vol 2 page 1 &c

2nd BEGINNING at a post on the north side of the public road being the southwest corner of Lot No 1 Survey No 6210 on Bailey Street in the said Borough, and being the southeast corner of the lot hereby described, thence by said Bailey Street westerly 8 rods to the east line of Lot No 2 on said Bailey Street, thence by said line of Lot No 2 north 17 rods to the north line of said Lot No 1, thence by said line of Lot No 1 east 8 rods to the west line of Lot No 3, thence by said line of Lot No 3 south 17 rods to the place of beginning containing one hundred square rods more or less

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J J Mc Gill at suit of John Forrest and Mary H For rest Executors of the last will and testament of Byron D Hamlin deceased

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Atty

11

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land situate in the Boro of Kane McKean County and State of Pennsylvania part of Warrant No 210, being lot No 97 Janeway Street bounded and described as follows Beginning at a point in the north line of Janeway Street four hundred feet eastward of the northeast corner of Hacker and Janeway Streets, thence by the north line of Janeway Street (thirty feet from the center there of) north seventy degrees east fifty feet, thence by lot No 99 at a right angle to Janeway street north twenty degrees west, one hundred and fifty feet; thence parallel to Janeway Street, south seventy degrees west, fifty feet, thence by lot No 95, south twenty degrees east, one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning Containing seventy five hundred square feet more or less

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Esther Nichols and Sam Nichols at suit of John West erberg now for use of John V Osterhout

Huey & Hubbard, Plaintiff's Attys.

11

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Liberty, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows to wit Beginning at a small beech on the south bank of the Allegany River being the northeast corner of the De Neuville lot No 143 of the Keeling and Company allotment of lands in the said Township; thence down the river in a northwesterly direction by the several courses thereof to the northwest corner of the said De Neuville lot, thence south 105 perches to a hemlock corner, thence east 108 perches to a post corner, thence north 1.5 perches to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres strict measure be the same more or less and being part of Warrant No 1338, excepting and reserving therefrom 24.9 acres conveyed to A S Arnold by H T Abbey and wife by deed dated Sept 8th 1851 recorded in deed book O, page 329 etc of McKean County Records and being the same lands conveyed to William H Shoopower by W S Comes and wife by deed dated November 13 1907 recorded Nov 27 1907 in deed book No 98 page 185 etc

Improved and having thereon situated one two story frame dwelling house frame barn and usual out buildings

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William H

Schoonover at suit of M J Comes.

John N Apple, Plaintiff's Atty

12.

Defendant's interest in all those certain two pieces or parcels of land situate in the Borough of Kane County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania bounded and described as follows viz:

First All that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the village of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania on the east side of Fraley Street described as Lot No 2 on certain numbered seventy (70) of block four (4) and further described as the second lot northerly from the lot of Robert Lafferty with being the middle lot between Robert Lafferty's lot and the lot on the said block four (4) at the intersection of Fraley Street and Greves Street; measuring in front on Fraley Street forty (40) feet and in depth one hundred (100).

Second All that certain piece parcel or lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania Survey No 6210 on Fraley Street in the said Borough, and being the second lot as follows Beginning at a post on the east side of Fraley Street at the southwest corner of Lot No 2 on said Fraley Street, thence by said line of said Lot No 2 north 17 rods to the north line of Lot No 1, thence by said line of Lot No 1 east 8 rods to the west line of Lot No 3, thence by said line of Lot No 3 south 17 rods to the place of beginning containing one hundred square rods more or less

Being the same premises conveyed to Neil McLean Robert Campbell Charles Peterson Alexander Wright John Buckland, T D Barnes Trustees by William Biddle and Thomas I Kane Trustees by deed dated October 8th 1874 and recorded in the Office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport Pa in Deed Book 7 pages 474 and 475 etc

Robert Campbell R M Campbell, M W Mebbitt H Barnes C W Campbell and W J Armstrong Trustees by Evan C Kane by deed dated December 1880 and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport Pennsylvania in Deed Book 14 page 100 &c And the said Neil McLean Robert Campbell Charles Peterson Alexander Wright John Buckland, T D Barnes Trustees of Kane Cemetery in Elizabeth Township by deed dated July 7th 1905 and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport Pa in Deed Book Vol 144, page 377 &c and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Kane Pennsylvania to Willford Park Merrell by deed dated May 2nd one thousand nine hundred and six Recorded May 29 1906 in Deed Book 177, page 181

Improved and having thereon erected one three story brick block known as the Merrell Building

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Willford Park Merrell at suit of The First National Bank of Kane, Pa now for use of A A Clearwater

Huey & Hubbard Plaintiff's Attys

13

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Corydon County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania described as follows viz Beginning at the intersection of the Willow Creek Road with the Coffee Run Road thence up the said Willow Creek Road, south 30½ degrees east 5 rods to a stake thence south 84½ degrees east 9.6 rods to the northwest corner of sub division No 22, thence south 12.5 rods to a post in the north line of No 11 thence west 17.4 rods to the northwest corner of sub division No 11 thence northerly 16 rods to the southwest corner of sub division No 11, thence east 17.2 rods to the centre of said Coffee Run Road thence down the said road 12½ degrees east 9.6 rods thence south 11½ degrees east 2.72 rods to the south east corner of E Parmis land thence north 12½ degrees west 21½ rods to the north line of Lot No 11 thence west 11 rods to the place of beginning containing two hundred and eighty (280) acres more or less excepting and reserving all rights of way heretofore granted and conveyed by the said Lot No 11 and also